CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLIX. NO. 4. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1921. 5 CENTS A COPY.

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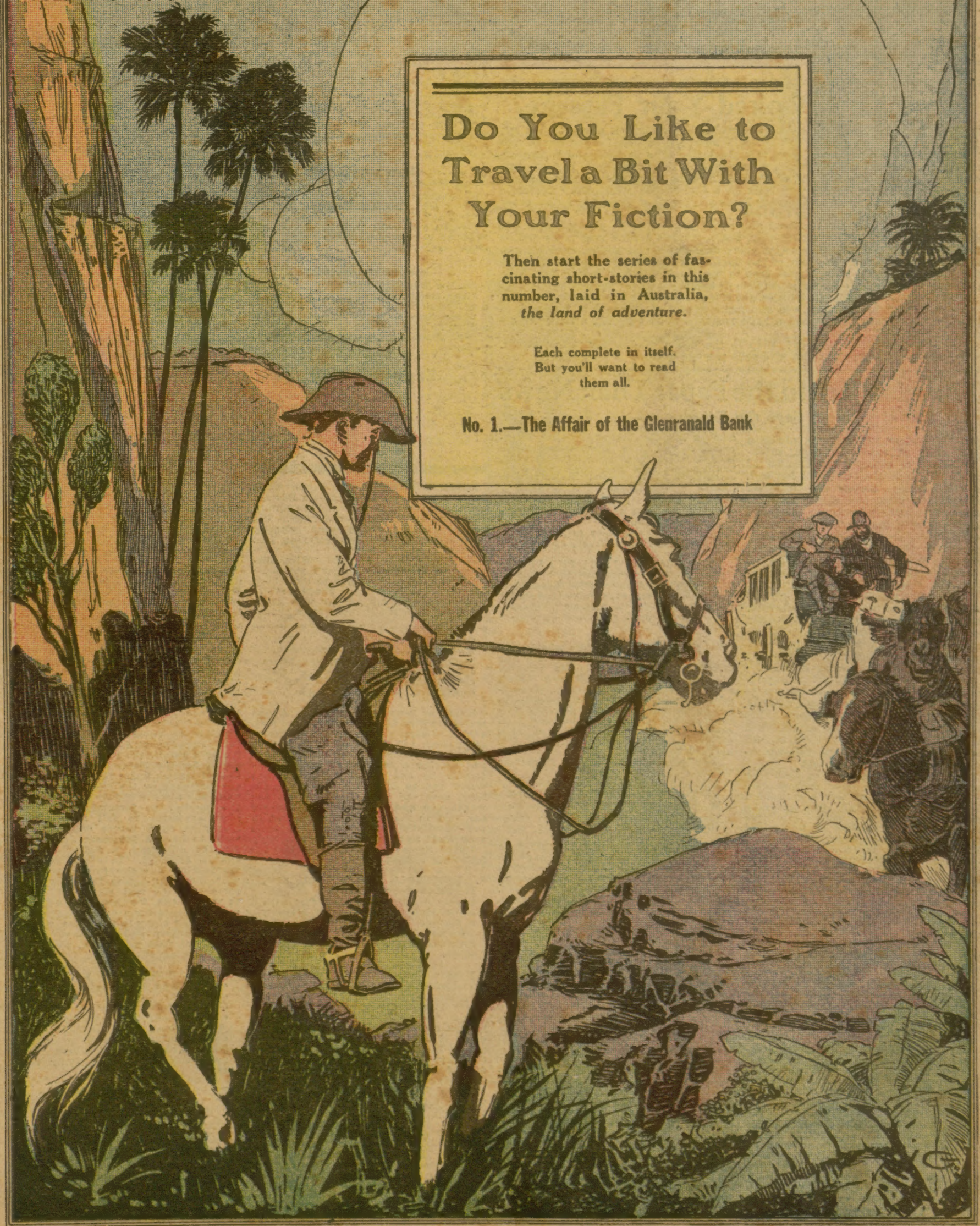
Then start the series of fascinating short-stories in this number, laid in Australia, *the land of adventure.*

Each complete in itself. But you'll want to read them all.

No. 1.—The Affair of the Glenranald Bank



CHICAGO LEDGER

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VOL. XLIX. JANUARY 22, 1921. NO. 4.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $3.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 35 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

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Have You Booked Your Passage?

IT ISN'T too late. And the cost is but trifling. There is still a way to join Mr. W. D. Boyce's expedition to the South Seas, for as this Ledger comes into your hands the party will have disembarked at New Zealand and is now arranging for a base from which this picturesque part of the world is to be thoroly covered. Already the first set of pictures and the snappy travelogue that accompanies them are on the way back on a fast Pacific steamship. Therefore if you begin now to take The Saturday Blade you'll be just in time to follow every step of a tour of extraordinary interest.

Now, it isn't only New Zealand alone that is going to be photographed and covered in an interesting, chatty way, but Australia, a land that today boasts both civilization and savages, is also going to be made into mighty readable material. Then will come the tour of the South Sea Islands by a special oil-burning yacht, and you'll almost meet face to face savages which belong to a race not to be found on any of our continents of today.

And all this by taking the Blade, the livest, newsiest newspaper in America. The Ledger, by the way, will run some capital stories laid in this part of the world, and thus try to lend a little romance to fact that is already highly romantic in itself.

First article is on its way! Step to the Blade window for your passage. Order the Blade from the agent who sells you the Ledger.

There's More in the Paper Than News

Says the Editor

OUR modern newspaper contains a mass of reading matter, calculated to amuse every member of the family, regardless of his or her age, his or her sex, his or her business, antecedents, likes and dislikes. It is that part commonly known as the news, combined with that known as the editorial. Here are to be found the interesting bits, the little dramas of life, the odd, the interesting, the striking, the so-called sob-stories, and what, in general, will interest the reader.

Tucked away in the back is a department hastily set by linotypers working at breakneck speed, replete with small, stingy type, no pictures, no cuts, no interesting leads, nothing but dull prosaic details about some one who wants something of or from some one else.

We commonly don't read that department, none of us, unless we happen to want a job, or want some one to fill a job, or want to trade something. It's supposed to be the epitome of dullness, a condensation of the prosaic, an all embracing compendium of that-which-it-is-a-burden-to-have-to-read!

But is it? How many of us have ever thoroly gone over a local newspaper?

We have before us now a copy of a local newspaper which, for the sake of anonymity we shall call the Daily Vulcan. The date of this paper is the same date on which this Editor's Talk is written, meaning, therefore, a date anywhere from five to thirty days prior to the date upon this Ledger cover. And if you seek hard thru the files of all the Daily Vulcans you shall surely find it.

Let us browse thru its classified advertising section and see what verdure we can nip.

Prominent in the "Lost and Found" columns we come across the following advertisement:

> WALLET LOST—BLACK LEATHER, Sunday night, just outside Congress Hotel, either on Michigan boulevard or Congress, containing $50,000 in bills of $1,000 denomination, and private papers. $10,000 reward will be paid to finder for return of money and papers, and no questions asked. Communicate with J. C. Berkson, Atty., First National Bank Building, or phone Kenwood 3332.

Now, here, nestling away in the advertisements, is the concrete acknowledgment that a man was actually walking the streets of a city laden with a veritable fortune in $1,000 bills, and that with this fortune were papers of still larger value. Who would carry such a fortune around with him, and why would that person keep that much cash on his body? And what sort of papers could be a fitting mate to this amount of yellowbacks? And who, considering that this advertisement has been running now four days already, has been elevated from poverty to comparative affluence thru finding this purse? A taxi driver, a seamstress, a milliner, a girl already rich, a clerk, a wheat broker on the verge of bankruptcy, or a tramp?

Let's go on to another column. Here we have in the Male Situations Wanted:

> STN. WTD.—SCANDINAVIAN pastry cook wants position in private household on pastries, desserts, etc. Ten years' experience in Royal Hotel, Stockholm. Salary $50 a week and board. T 912, Daily Vulcan.

THINK of it! A gentleman who knows the art of tickling the palate and pleasing the tummy puts his valuable services at $200 a month and board, which equals about—say—$275, the salary of many a high-class executive in a busy business. We have seen the time when cooks, of small and low and high degree, thought that $10 a week in a private household was a fortune. But here's a royal cook, indeed.

Let's pass on to the Female Situations Wanted:

> SITUATION WANTED—SEWING by first-class seamstress. Will go out for $1 a day and lunch. Address P 131, Daily Vulcan.

Here's a drop in wages. A first-class pastry cook who pleases the inner man asks $50 a week. And a first-class seamstress, who presumably dresses up milady and pleases milady's husband, asks $1 a day and lunch for services. Can she live on that amount? Can she sew?

But enough for this column. We'll slip on to the Classified Help Wanted. Far along in the Ds we stumble upon:

> DETECTIVES.
>
> Wanted at once 100 men who have had experience in detective work, for special secret work in Chicago and environs. Must be experienced. Good salaries. Write or phone at once, K 198, Daily Vulcan, or phone Central 6624.

Now, here's a mystery. Some one suddenly wants a hundred detectives and wants 'em quick. Considering there's no strike on in Chicago at present, isn't this a peculiar call? Good salaries will be paid, providing the men have had experience. We have half an idea of quitting our editorial job and fulfilling our lifelong ambition to become a sleuth like old King Brady or Nicholas Carter.

Under Miscellaneous Advertisements for help, we come to the following interesting little ad:

> MEN—WE CAN GIVE EMPLOYment to men with only one arm or minus one or both legs if fitted with artificial limbs, as flagmen at crossing in a city. Long hours and small pay. Easy work. Apply employment department, Mr. Cassiday, the C. R. & D. Railroad.

Here's an interesting situation. A man may be without both legs and one arm, unable to support himself by any known occupation, yet here's an occupation in which, by merely keeping his eyes open and waving a red flag at specified intervals he can be of service to the world and to himself. The hours are long, says the advertisement; and the wages are small. But we venture to say that to the man handicapped as in the description, the hours will seem very short and the pay very big.

Under Rooms to Rent, West Side, the following strikes our eye:

> ROCKWELL STREET, N. 2799, furnished rooms outfitted in primary colors for people afflicted with color idiosyncrasies. Now vacant, a maroon room and a front parlor with southern exposure in sky blue fittings. Rents from $10 to $15 a week.

Now we shall have at some future date something to say about the effects of colors upon mankind, but we shall pause long enough here to remark that amidst the avalanche of descriptions penned by aspiring landladies, here, indeed, is a specific description that is unique in the way of room-to-rent ads. Stand in line and get your temperamental color at North Rockwell street. Very simple and very alluring, isn't it?

Under Real Estate For Sale, we come to the following significant advertisement:

> FOR SALE—$1 TAKES EQUITY in five-room bungalow in Ravenswood. First mortgage of $3,000. Purchaser must indorse mortgage notes if bought. T 199, Daily Vulcan.

Now the explanation of this startling offer is evident, to one versed in real estate matters. The present owner of the bungalow offered for sale has in some way secured a mortgage which amounts to more than the place can possibly be sold for. Surprising as this may seem, this often occurs in real estate deals, thru lenders ignorant of the true value of property. Perhaps the loan was made on the supposition of some public improvement that was to enhance the value of the property, and this improvement failed to materialize. So, as a result, the security is not sufficient for the loan. But the borrower is still legally liable for the amount of the mortgage or the difference between what the place will bring if sold under the hammer at foreclosure, and, perhaps expecting to fall heir to some money at some future date, does not want to have a judgment against him for the difference, a judgment which can be collected. In other words, he wants some one else to take a chance with him that before the mortgage is foreclosed, the real estate will go up in value. And, for this, he is willing to sell his rights for a dollar.

Traveling along in the paper, we come to the Barter and Exchange column. And there, part way down, we glimpse the following offer:

> WILL EXCHANGE FOUR-ACRE chicken farm, near Elgin, for motorcycle with side car. Also 3-acre chicken farm, near Aurora, for equity in city frame cottage. Also 6-acre same, near Rockford, for good laundry business, or bakery business, or what business have you? Address T L 177, Daily Vulcan.

There's a remarkable situation, one

(Concluded on Page 22.)

Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

Knew Her.

"I understand that in the new play Alice has quite a difficult part."

"Difficult? Why, she doesn't say a word."

"Well, isn't that difficult for Alice?"

Back for Another.

"You did me a favor ten years ago," said the stranger, "and I have never forgotten it."

"Ah," replied the good man, with a grateful expression on his face, "and you have come back to repay me."

"Not exactly," replied the stranger, "I've just got into town and need another favor, and I thought of you right away."

Ring Repartee.

"Ah shuah does pity you," said a colored pugilist to his opponent as they squared off. "Ah was bahn with boxin' gloves on."

"Maybe you was," retorted the other; "and Ah reckon you'se going to die de same way."

Poor by Comparison.

"Is Mr. Wadleigh rich?"

"He's moderately well off. He's worth a million or two."

"Good heavens! Any man who has a million or two is rich."

"Not if he plays poker with multimillionaires."

Experience Tells.

Sunday school had just begun when the teacher turned to 9-year-old Edward and asked him why he had been absent from Sunday school last Sunday. His answer came promptly and clearly: "Pop and me went blackberrying last Sunday."

Teacher was nonplused. "Why, Edward," she exclaimed. "Don't you have any idea what will happen to little boys who pick blackberries on Sundays?"

"Yes, ma'am," his answer was again prompt. "They'll get chiggers on them."

Brain Teasers.

Anagram.

13—My first is in port, but not bay.
My second is in night, but not in day.
My third is in dog, but not in cat.
My fourth is in mouse, but not in rat.
My whole is the name of animals that are of interest to farmers and meat packers.

Word Square.

14—1. A young feminine person.
2. A thought.
3. Repose.
4. Not early.

A Fish Ladder.

15—

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  *  *
  *  *
1 *****
  *  *
2 *****
  *  *
  *  *
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The uprights spell the names of two well-known fishes.

RUNGS.
1. A memento.
2. A state.

Masculine Name Puzzle.

16—Behead and curtail a man's name and find an untruth.
2. Behead and curtail a man's name and find an article of furniture.
3. Behead and curtail a man's name and find a tiresome person.
4. Behead and curtail a man's name and find a girl's name.
5. Behead and curtail a man's name and find to tear.
6. Behead and curtail a man's name and find to assume an attitude.
7. Behead and curtail a man's name and find tardy.
8. Behead and curtail a man's name and find to repel.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

9—Riddle.

Ladybug.

10—Three River Squares.

1.	2.	3.
O-H-I-O	R-H-O-N-E	O-U-S-E
H-A-R-P	H-E-R-O-N	U-G-L-Y
I-R-M-A	O-R-B-I-T	S-L-O-E
O-P-A-L	N-O-I-S-E	E-Y-E-D
	E-N-T-E-R	

11—Mystical Names.

Arnold, Austin, James, Lawrence, Alberta, Lily, Marion, Olive, May, Bertha.

12—Tattle Tales.

1. Bullock. 2. Forelock. 3. Flintlock. 4. Fetlock. 5. Wedlock.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

ELGIN WRIST WATCH—FREE.

If you want a $50 Elgin wrist watch Free, write E. M. Davis, Dept. 4101, 1315 Carroll Ave., Chicago. He will send a beautiful watch if you will display his products to your friends. If you want a watch Free, write Davis.—Advertisement.

THE AFFAIR OF THE GLENRANALD BANK

By E. W. HORNUNG

"Any Message, Young Fellow?"

IT WAS coming up the Murrumbidgee River that Fergus Carrick first heard the name of Stingaree. With the cautious enterprise of his race, the young gentleman had booked steerage on a river-steamer whose solitary passenger he proved to be; accordingly he was not only permitted to sleep on the saloon settee at nights, but graciously bidden to the captain's board by day. It was there that Fergus Carrick encouraged tales of the bushrangers as the one cleanly topic familiar in the mouth of the elderly engineer who completed the party. And it seemed that the knighthood of the up-country road had been an extinct order from the extirpation of the Kellys to the appearance of this same Stingaree, who was reported a man of birth and mystery, with an ostentatious passion for music and as romantic a method as that of any highwayman of the Old World from which he hailed. But the callow Fergus had been spared the romantic temperament, and was less impressed than entertained with what he heard.

On his arrival at Glenranald, however, he found that substantial township shaking with laughter over the outlaw's latest and least discreditable exploit, at the back-block hamlet of Yallarook; and then it was that young Carrick first conceived an ambition to open his Colonial career with the capture of Stingaree; for he was a serious immigrant, who had come out in his teens, to stay out if necessary, for the term of his natural life.

The idea had birth under one of the many pine-trees which shaded the skeleton streets of budding Glenranald. On this tree was nailed a placard offering high reward for the bushranger's person alive or dead. Fergus was making an immediate note in his pocketbook when a hand fell on his shoulder.

"Would ye like the half o' yon?" inquired a voice in his own tongue; and there at his elbow stood an elderly gentleman, whose patriarchal beard hid half the buttons of his alpaca coat, while a black skull-cap sat somewhat jauntily on his head.

"What do you mean?" said Fergus, bluntly, for the old gentleman stood chuckling gently in his venerable beard.

"To lay a hold of him," replied the other, "with the help o' some younger and abler-bodied man; and you're the very one I want."

The raw youth stared ingenuously.

"But what can you know about me?"

"I saw ye land at the wharf," said the old gentleman, nodding his approval of the question, "and says I, 'That's my man,' as soon as ever I clapped eyes on ye. So I had a crack wi' the captain o' yon steamer; he told me you hadna a billet, but were just on the lookout for the best ye could get, an' that's all he'd been able to get out o' ye in a five-days' voyage. That was enough for me. I want a man who can keep his tongue behind his teeth, and I wanted you before I knew you were a brither Scot!"

"Are you a squatter, sir?" the young man asked, a little overwhelmed.

"No, sir, I'm branch manager o' the Bank o' New South Wales, the only bank within a hunder miles o' where we stand; and I can offer ye a better billet than any squatter in the Colony."

"Indeed? I'm sure you're very kind, sir, but I'm wanting to get on a station," protested Fergus with all his tact. "And as a matter of fact, I have introductions to one or two stations further back, tho I saw no reason to tell our friend the skipper so."

"Quite right, quite right! I like a man who can keep his tongue in its kennel!" cried the bank-manager, rubbing his hands. "But wait while I tell ye; ye'd need to work for your rations on any station I ever heard tell of, and I keep the accounts of enough to know. Now, with me, ye'd get two pound a week till your share o' the reward was wiped off; and if we had no luck for a year you'd be nó worse off, but could go and try your squatters then. That's a promise, and I'll keep it as sure as my name's Andr' Macbean!"

"But how do you propose to catch this fellow, Mr. Macbean?"

The bank-manager looked on all sides, likewise behind the tree, before replying under his breath: "By setting a wee trap for him! A bank's a bank, and Stingaree hasna stuck one up since he took to his trade. But I'll tell ye no more till ye give me your answer. Yes, or no?"

"I'm afraid I don't even write an office hand; and as for figures——"

Mr. Macbean laughed outright.

"Did I say I was going to take ye into the bank, mum?" cried he. "There's three of us already to do the writin' an' the cipherin', an' three's enough. Can you ride?"

"I have ridden some," was the young man's prompt reply.

"And ye'll do any rough job I set ye to?"

"The rougher the better."

"That's all I ask. There's a buggy and a pair for ye to mind, and mebbe drive, tho it's horseback errands you'll do most of. I'm an old widower, living alone with an aged housekeeper. The cashier and the clerk dig in the township, and I need to have a man of some sort about the place; in fact, I have one, but I'll soon get rid of him if you'll come instead. Understand, you live in the house with me, just like the jackeroos on the stations; and like the jackeroos, you do all the odd jobs and dirty work that no one else'll look at; but, unlike them, you get two pounds a week from the first for doing it."

Mr. Andrew Macbean had chanced upon a magic word. It was the position of "jackeroo," or utility parlorman, on one or other of the stations to which he carried introductions, that his young countryman had set before him as his goal. True, a bank in a bush township was not a station in the bush itself. On the other hand, his would-be friend was not the first to warn Fergus against the futility of expecting more than a nominal salary as a babe and suckling in Colonial experience; and perhaps the prime elements of that experience might be gained as well in the purlieus of a sufficiently remote township as in realms unnamed on any map. It will be seen that the sober stripling was reduced to arguing with himself, and that his main argument was not to be admitted in his own heart. The mysterious eccentricity of his employer, coupled with the adventurous character of his alleged prospects, was what induced the lad to embrace both in defiance of an unimaginative hard-headedness which he aimed at rather than possessed.

With characteristic prudence he had left his baggage on board the river-steamer, and his own hands carried it piecemeal to the bank. This was a red-brick bungalow with an ample veranda, standing back from the future street that was as yet little better than a country road. The veranda commanded a long perspective of pines, but no further bricks and mortar, and but very few weather board walls. The yard behind the house was shut in by as many outbuildings as clustered about the small homesteads which Fergus had already beheld on the banks of the Murrumbidgee. The man in charge of the yard was palpably in liquor, a chronic condition from his general appearance, and Mr. Macbean discharged him on the spot with a decision which left no loophole for appeal. The wom-

Something About Him!

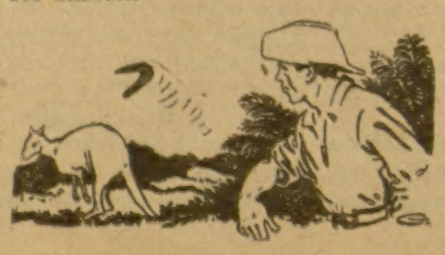
If a few years ago you had been fortunate enough to have taken a trip into Australia as Mr. Boyce, the publisher of the Ledger is now doing, you would have found a country similar in certain ways to the West of our pioneer days, but a land in which the kangaroo took the place of the buffalo, the boomerang that of the bow and arrow. And with its edges criss-crossed like our early West by stage-coach lines, it had its famous bushrangers, desperate and fast-riding fellows who were likely to appear on any lonely road and force the stage-coach occupants to disgorge their wealth. There was Thunderbolt, Morgan, Ben Hall and Ned Kelly. And there was also Stingaree!

Stingaree, the daredevil of all the highwaymen. Stingaree, the Mysterious, who, it was said, was once a prominent Londoner. Stingaree, who loved music better than he loved his plunder. Stingaree, the embittered. Stingaree, who always robbed his victims with a monocle in his right eye. Stingaree, who had never killed a man. Stingaree, who was captured time and again, but whose superior cunning always found him his freedom. Stingaree, who, with his black-bearded mate, Howie, was seen in Victoria today and New South Wales tomorrow. Stingaree, who held a smiling contempt for the forces of Australia's law and order.

This was the man whose name, taken from that of a peculiar stinging fish, was a byword thruout Australia. And this was the man about whom E. W. Hornung has woven a series of five fascinating tales, showing the English people who make up the life of that little-known continent, as well as the strange American-like aspect of its wildernesses. They present in highly exciting action not only a series of stories about one of the most remarkable criminal careers of that part of the earth, but, better, portray for us a character. And a story which can do this difficult thing—make us know a man—whether he be good or bad—is always worth the printing.

Each story is complete in itself.

Each is a story of the famous Stingaree himself.



an in charge of the house adorned another plane of civilization; she was very deaf, and very outspoken on her introduction to the young gentleman, whose face she was pleased to approve, with the implied reservation that all faces were liars; but she served up the mutton of the country hot and tender; and Fergus Carrick, leaning back after an excellent repast, marveled for the twentieth time that he was not to pay for it.

"A teetotaler, are ye?" said Macbean, mixing a third glass of whisky, with the skull-cap on the back of his head. "And so was I at your age; but you're my very man. There are some it sets talking. Wait till the old lady turns in, and then you shall see what you shall see."

Fergus waited in increasing excitement. The day's events were worthier of a dream. To have set foot in Glenranald without knowing a soul in the place, and to find oneself comfortably housed at a good salary before night! There were moments when he questioned the complete sanity of his eccentric benefactor, who drank whisky like water, both as to quantity and effect, and who chuckled continuously in his huge gray beard. But such doubts only added to the excitement of the evening, which reached a climax when a lighted candle was thrust in at the door and the pair advised not to make a night of it by the old crone on her way to bed.

Howle, Stingaree's Mate.

"We will give her twenty minutes," said the manager, winking across his glass. "I've never let her hear me, and she mustn't hear you either. She must know nothing at all about it; nobody must, except you and me."

The mystification of Fergus was now complete. Unimaginative as he was by practice and profession, he had an explanation a minute until the time was up, when the truth beat them all for wild improbability. Macbean had risen, lifting the lamp; holding it on high he led the way thru baize doors into the banking premises. Here was another door, which Macbean not only unlocked, but locked again behind them both. A small inner office led them into a shuttered chamber of fair size, with a broad polished counter, glass swing-doors, and a formidable portal beyond. And one of young Carrick's theories received apparent confirmation on the spot; for the manager slipped behind his counter by another door, and at once whipped out a great revolver.

"This they provide us with," said he. "So far it is our only authorized defense, and it hangs on a hook down here behind the counter. But you march in here prepared, your pistol cocked behind your back, and which of us is likely to shoot first?"

"The bushranger," said Fergus, still rather more startled than reassured.

"The bushranger, of course. Stingaree, let us say. As for me, either my arms go up, or down I go in a heap. But supposing my arms do go up—supposing I still touch something with one foot—and supposing the floor just opens and swallows Mr. Sanguinary Stingaree! Eh? eh? What then?"

"It would be great," cried Fergus. "But could it be done?"

"It can be, it will be, and is being done," replied the manager, replacing the bank revolver and sliding over the counter like a boy. A square of plain linoleum covered the floor, overlapped by a border of the same material bearing a design. Down went Macbean upon his knees, and his beard swept this border as he began pulling it up, tacks and all.

The lamp burned brightly on the counter, its rays reflected in the burnished mahogany. All at once Fergus seized it on his own initiative, and set it on the floor before his kneeling elder, going upon his own knees on the other side. And where the plain linoleum ended, but where the overlapping border covered the floor, the planks were sawn thru and thru down one side of the central and self-colored square.

"A trap-door!" exclaimed Fergus in a whisper.

Macbean leaned back on his slippered heels, his skull-cap wickedly awry.

"This border takes a lot o' lifting," said he. "Yet we've just got to lift it every time, and tack it down again before morning. You might try your hand over yonder on the far side."

Fergus complied with so much energy that the whole border was ripped up in a minute; and he was not mistaken. A trap-door it was, of huge dimensions, almost exactly covered by the self-colored square; but at each side a tongue of linoleum had been left loose for lifting it; and the lamp had scarcely been replaced upon the counter when the bulk of the floor leaned upright in one piece against the opposite wall. It had uncovered a pit of corresponding size, but as yet hardly deep enough to afford a hiding-place for the bucket, spade, and pickax which lay there on a length of sacking.

"I see!" exclaimed Carrick, as the full light flooded his brain.

"Is that a fact?" inquired the manager, twinkling.

"You're going to make a deep hole of it——?"

"No. I'm going to pay you to make it deep for me——"

"And then——"

"At dead o' night; you can take out your sleep by day."

"When Stingaree comes——"

"If he waits till we're ready for him——"

"You touch some lever——"

"And the floor swallows him, as I said, if he waits till we are ready for him. Everything depends on that—and on your silence. We must take time. It isn't only the digging of the hole. We need to fix up some counterpoise to make it shut after a body like a mouse-trap; we must do the thing thoroly if we do it at all; and till it's done, not a word to a soul in the same hemisphere! In the end I suppose I shall have to tell Donkin, my cashier, and Fowler, the clerk. Donkin's a disbeliever who deserves the name o' Didymus more than any mon o' my acquaintance. Fowler would take so kindly to the whole idea that he'd blurt it out within a week. He may find it out when all's in readiness, but I'll not tell him even then. See how I trust a brither Scot at sight!"

"I much appreciate it," said Fergus, humbly.

"I wouldna ha' trustit even you, gin I hadna found the delvin' ill worrk for auld shoulders," pursued Macbean, broadening his speech with intentional humor. "Noo, wull ye do't or wull ye no?"

The young man's answer was to strip off his coat and spring into the hole, and to set to work with such energy, yet so quietly, that the bucket was filled in a few, almost silent seconds. Macbean carried it off, unlocking doors for the nonce, while Fergus remained in the hole to mop his forehead.

"We need to have another bucket," said the manager, on his return. "I've thought of every other thing. There's a disused well in the yard, and down goes every blessed bucket!"

To and fro, over the lip of the closing well, back into the throat of the deepening hole, went the buckets for many a night; and by day Fergus Carrick employed his best wits to make an intrinsically anomalous position appear natural to the world. It was a position which he himself could thoroly enjoy; he was largely his own master. He had daily opportunities of picking up the ways and customs of the bush, and a nightly excitement which did not pall as the secret task approached conclusion; but he was subjected to much chaff and questioning from the other young bloods of Glenranald. He felt from the first that it was what he must expect. He was a groom with a place at his master's table; he was a jackeroo who introduced station life into a town. And the element of underlying mystery, really existing as it did, was detected soon enough by other young heads, led by that of Fowler, the keen bank clerk.

"I was looking at you both together, and you do favor the old man, and no error!" he would say; or

(Continued on Page 14.)

The Battle of the Giants

By Philip Duffield Stong

THE Missabe House had come to hard days. The boarders were as numerous as ever, but money was scarce. Dame Ingeborg knew that her money was safe, that when they had it, as they certainly would have, sooner or later, she would be paid in full. A widow ten years, her loss had not shaken her faith in God, nor her experience for faith in man. At her table had eaten men from every race in the world, every race that is civilized or nearly so. The majority were Scandinavian, but there were also "Cousin Jacks" from Cornwall, Manxmen, "Sumi" from Swedish Finnland, an Indian that the American laboratory foremen called "Chief Firewater," an Italian or two, and a few varied Slovaks and Austrians.

Halden Made One or Two Ineffectual Attempts to Writhe Away.

Dame Ingeborg, with the serenity of two hundred odd pounds, would tell one of the tea a Chinese gambler had given her; of the tall, swarthy, Montenegrin who spent his spare days wandering over the dumps, trying the steepest places for climbs, of the Spaniard who had drawn a knife on Paul Dubbel, a great Austrian, and how he had found his wrist caught in a pair of monstrous jaws, while the playful Samson tickled him into hysterics with his thumbs.

If any one knew the spirit of the Range, Dame Ingeborg knew it. Except on her trip to Tunapik from Norway, she had never been farther south than Duluth, tho the outlanders had given her a living knowledge of far places. If she had been put down suddenly in the midst of great clay kilns, where the white earth baked in red hot pans, she would have known she was in Cornwall. One thing that she regretted was that tho she had read much of Tibet—in Kipling—she had never kept a Thibetan.

There was nothing of the Madonna in Dame Ingeborg, but much of the maternal. She seemed to be a stepmother, rather than a mother of men, but she had the confidences of all of her boarders. She was the only person in Tunapik who could really have acted as arbitrator between the mines and the men, for she was a property owner, and understood their viewpoint, and she was a keeper of workers and knew their side, too.

This was probably the reason why the strike made her so indignant both at the men and at the owners. It is not difficult to determine a course of action, if one knows all the pros and cons. This indignation did not show on her face, however; that broad, wrinkled face, red with the steam of cookery, loose-fleshed and furrowed, but regally and

unalterably serene on all occasions.

Dame Ingeborg drew her hair up from every part of her head and made a knot at the top; she wore a faded blue dress and apron, and a brown waist which matched execrably. On special occasions she put a silver pin in her hair, and wore a white apron with red braid. These details do not seem important, but they give some clew to the character of her newest boarder. She had worn the silver pin and the white apron ever since his coming.

The new boarder was a slightly built man, with a very high, broad, forehead; eyes whose color was that of dead weeds before they are utterly scorched; a very small mouth, and a nose which seemed to have become discouraged half-way to his mouth, and endeavored to return. He seemed an underdeveloped Lucifer gone wrong and taken to benevolence, except that he was not as handsome as that celebrated character.

He had drifted in one night, paid for a month's board, taken the best room in the house, and given his name as Elmer Steel. It is another indication of the depth of the man, that no one at the Missabe House believed that this was his name.

He had not been there twenty-four hours, tho, before they were all agreed that whatever he had been or had done, he was a "good scout!" A miners' boarding-house in strike time is necessarily not a cheerful place—he made them forget the strike in the pure conviviality of his fellowship. They learned that his brow was not high and broad for nothing, and before he had been there a week he was chief arbiter, head of the bureau of information, and the chairman of the supper table.

He could do impossible feats of legerdemain; a deck of cards was no more than an open alphabet book to him, and most of all, he was master of the superlative art of making people laugh at him and respect him at the same time. He related passages of his experience when they were apropo with a gentle smile of irony at himself, and a whimsical dryness that made Chief Firewater grunt, in his chair by the stove, while Hjalmer Christiansen gave throat to deep-chested laughter in the cold corner by the window.

The third day he was demonstrating a combination of punches to Mike O'Hare, a one-time pugilist, now night watchman for the Missabe mine. Mike stood before him with a careless guard and an amused smile, but the smile faded from his face when two light thrusts beat his guard by a decimal of an inch and spatted on his face. They had come from the shoulder, but so nicely judged that they hardly brought a flush where they touched.

"What was yer ring name, lad?"

"I never was in the prize ring."

"Never—well, it's a dommed good thing fer the bunch!"

In short, the little, uncomely man was master of every art but one, and, of course, that was the only one he really cared about. He could play no musical instrument, and music was drug, strong drink, and passion for him, his only dissipation.

The boarders looked at each other incredulously when evening after evening they heard the classics—monstrous enough in themselves, to be sure—maltreated with one finger by Steel on the brassy sounding-board of the Missabe House's ancient piano. Steel would sit in front of it for hours, fingering the pages of the music he took from his valise and picking at it, sometimes with the index finger, sometimes with the third finger of one hand.

This was the heel of Achilles. The Indian grunted philosophically; the music was not unlike his own tribal melodies, except that they had rhythm. Pierre, the laboratory worker, opened his eyes wide and drew his brows together.

"Mon Dieu! That soch a man should so desecrate Bizet! It iss not moosic—and it iss not rattle—it iss hellish!" Pierre was the only man in the house who sharded Steel's admiration and recognition of the classics—he played them on a "squeeze-box," an accordion.

One of the muckers laughed. "Wot! 'E doan't know wot that is! 'Ell, man, yon's a polka for monkeys to jig hon their tyles."

When Steel returned with a laugh and a joke, they all were silent and looked down at the floor, not to flush a good man by gazing upon him in his weakness.

"I can't figure out the time for that darned thing from 'Orpheus,'" Steel would comment querulously, in Pierre's general direction, and the tension was released. A sin confessed is a sin half forgiven. Perhaps it was a card game, or perhaps only Steel twitting the fat policeman from the Waterloo mine, upon the reputed conquest of a mysterious widow, but in a moment all were laughing and joking as tho they had not a worry in the world. The strike was laid away from the nightmares of the next day.

DAME INGEBORG beamed from the doorway. She could endure a financial stringency—the thing she feared was a bankruptcy of spirit. The atmosphere of the Missabe House was one of robustness, when that was gone she seemed in a strange place.

Indeed, that was the atmosphere of the whole Range; perhaps it permeated men from the rich iron of the Missabe hills, certainly the law of selection entered with the factor of winters drawn from October to June, when forty below was not particularly marked. The Range boasted the richest village in the world, the most lawless village in the world, and a population altogether wholehearted, hardy, and heterogeneous. The great open-pit mines seemed to have been scooped out by nothing less than the hand of God, and the men moulded by the same generous instrument, out of the iron soil. There were not many incapables in a country which lives from its mines and its forests.

Its pholosophy was alternately hard and cruel as granite, and lax and cheerful as that of decadent Greece. As heartless as treason and bigotry were the retaliations against those faults; personal morality was the affair of the individual. How could it be otherwise when every man had an individual racial code?

Steel had one other slight peculiarity, which all noticed and none remarked. He left the house every evening about 10 and returned about midnight. In the morning he drank strong black coffee, so the boarders quietly decided that he was one of those who liked a little nightcap and perhaps a game or two of fan-tan or stud poker before retiring. It seemed a little strange that he should have the entry to the places where those things could be secured so soon after his arrival, but on his face he was not a spy, or worse, a careless babbler.

He never explained where he was going, or remarked on his doings after his return. For all his cheerful chatter, the boarders, who were not easily fooled in men, called him close-mouthed.

"You'll never tie a rope hon 'is neck wit' 's tongue."

On the range one is not curious about antecedents and histories. Nor is it good taste to inquire about a man's nationality; one had best learn that even if his acquaintance's skin is dark, his "v"s soft, and his "h"s eccentric; even tho his name is Luigi and he drops an occasional "Maledetto!" he is not Southron, but pure American, the very purest—American by choice.

Michael Halloran O'Hare dropped into the postoffice to inquire for an expected letter, and was met by a strange face.

"Anything for Mike O'Hare?" he inquired.

The light-haired clerk inspected the 'Ohs and turned with a letter in his hand. "Wot's the hinitial?"

"Mike O'Hare."

"The hinitial?"

"Mike O'Hare!"

The clerk gathered his brows together. "Mike H-H-H-Haitch O'Hare?" It was like searching his stomach for a collar button, but he finally breathed the 'haitch!

Mike laughed, and the clerk was furious. "Tyke yer dirty letter, ye low Hirishman."

"Who's an Oirishman, ye lousy Cockney."

"Well, ye poor muckin' dog, then."

Mike grinned again and left, without apologizing for the 'Cockney,' and the little Englishman promised himself that he would get the "'Bloody 'Ibernian," a thing which he did not do. Mike had a long ring record behind him.

Steel was American by birth. He treated the language with consideration, and one felt that he could be nothing else, by the simple nature of the man. He was too forward to be English, and too Anglo-Saxon to be anything else, but American.

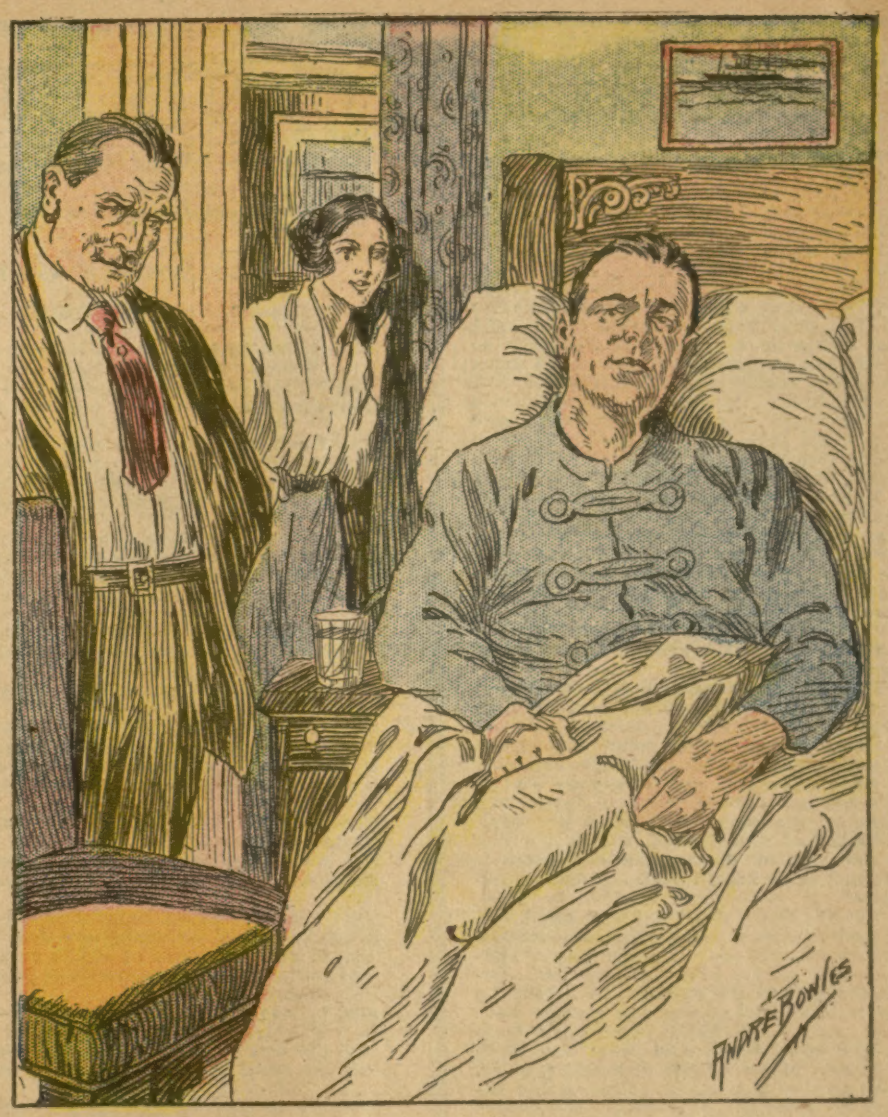
"Tho as far as that's concerned, I'm the only American in town," Chief Firewater remarked one night, when the taboo question had come up; "for ancestry I can knock the First Families of Virginia by a hundred generations, and the Daughters of the American Revolution are knickerbocker Americans compared with me!" The chief had a Carlisle education.

"That's the only 'ell of bein' a Hamerican," the mucker said, "a bloody scalpliftin' redskin is all the noble Norman blood there are."

When the argument threatened to become unpleasant, Steel intervened by remarking that his original ancestor was a Missouri jackass and older American blood than Chief Firewater's. With such crude humor he could always win them.

THE strike was in its third month. It was a muddled affair, and doubly hard to untangle because there were three opposing forces. The faction from the Finn Brotherhood Hall demanded shorter hours and higher pay—no wage increase, but less work. The unions were satisfied with the hours but not with the wage scale. The Unions would not accept shorter hours, which meant lower pay, or at least no increase, and the Reds—mixed radicals—would not go back to work under the old hours. The owners, with Halden at the head, simply stood pat, and endeavored to break the backs of both parties. The Unions fought the Finns and the Reds; the Reds fought the Unions and the Finns, and the owners struck at all of them, impartially, and waited.

If peace was to be made, it would undoubtedly be the Unions who secured the



"Are You Ready for Breakfast, Mr. Steel?"

first truce; their conduct during the strike had been unwaveringly moderate, they even attempted to some extent to prevent the sabotage of the so-called Reds, and helped out their scanty resources by hiring out as guards around the mines.

This was the condition when Steel—the man of mystery—came to the Missabe House. In those days, when the dray of the Tunapik Transfer Company came down Wolf Hill from the mines in the morning, people hardly glanced at the lumpy bundle of canvas in the rear of the truck. An occasional observer might ask:

"Union or Wabbly, Bill?"

The Range is a bizarre place. There you will see the little Sicilians with their olive faces, sliding down the great dump piles where the mine waste is heaped, on the long skis they have adopted from their Norse neighbors. You see great gouges like old river channels, and they tell you that the earth that filled them is standing in columns hundreds of feet high in New York City, San Francisco and New Orleans.

You may drink home-brewed wine, while the householder discourses on the iniquity of blind-pigging. Nothing is surprising and nothing is unnatural. All are learning the ways of the Anglo-Saxon while the Anglo-Saxon learns their ways, and one must not comment on his neighbor's customs, if he would not have his own remarked. They are having macaroni for dinner in this house, ludefish in that, and beefsteak in a third.

Somehow, for all their varied ways, they respond to emotions in a way governed by universal rules—the response may be varied, but the incentive is common to them all.

"I know who Elmer Steel is, now," Dubbel said one morning at breakfast, a function which Steel never attended.

"Yes?"

"I was guarding last night at the Tunapik—a couple of the Reds got thru, maybe three—yeah, one was in the pit—and they'd've done for Halden, but Steel—Steel happened to be there—I say, he happened to be there——"

"Name of a devil! An agent—a gomshoe——"

"Figure it out for yourself. Halden and Steel came out talking like old friends——we found a Red in the pit, smashed all to pieces—you know how clever Steel is; another one with his head smashed—Halden with an iron pin in his mitt, of course—and the guy they call "Bull" half-choked—Halden couldn't do it."

"So the lad's started in to show his cleverness," O'Hare said, ruminatively.

"Well, he saved Halden, it seems, and he sure showed the stuff."

The Big Chief rose from the table. "I may as well say it, my charitable friends. We don't want Halden killed, and we aren't regretting the Wobblies—but it looks like Steel is something more than a dirty sleuth, a bodyguard. It doesn't look well fer Halden—and, personally, I'm sorry I ever liked Steel—it's going to be painful getting along without him."

Dame Ingeborg only said, "You take too moch for grant."

The Missabe House was back in the slough.

HALDEN made one or two ineffectual attempts to writhe away from the iron grip under his chin, and then his jaws set grimly. Both hands were pulling at his assailant's arm, but with no more effect than they would have had upon one of the rails of a well-ballasted spur. It was Halden's nature, however, to keep on pulling until he died, just as he would have put his shoulder to the hillside if in moving it lay his only way to some desired thing.

The arm slackened the least bit. "Which one of you two was trying to kill the other?" its owner asked.

"I'll—tell—you—when I get—damned—good and ready."

The little man laughed and withdrew his arm so suddenly that Halden staggered. "I guess if it was you, you had your reasons—but you'll have to postpone your benevolent intentions—what's this?" He had stumbled on the body of the second man, in the dark.

"That's one of the other two."

"Three of them—huh—your scalp must be valuable."

"I own this mine."

"No further explanation needed—ruined for anything but dog meat, and always useless for that—dogs are particular." Steel rose from an examination of the dead man. "What became of the other one?"

"Over in the pit."

Halden had an uncomfortable consciousness that the night was no veil to the little man's eyes, that he was being studied thru the dark that prevented his examining his questioner. "Well, well, for a bloated plutocrat you show promising efficiency. The pit's about a hundred feet deep here, isn't it?"

"Something like that, I guess."

"So that we may assume that our third friend is resting quietly at the bottom. You see, I am above all things humane."

"So I would judge," Halden answered coldly, and involuntarily his hand went to his bruised throat. Steel laughed.

"And in my humaneness, above all things I am considerate of myself. You understand that I didn't know what sort of proposition I had run into, and I don't take chances."

Halden was somewhat mollified by the explanation, and by a subtle friendliness in the stranger's voice, so that his next remark was kindlier. "I suppose I haven't properly acknowledged my indebtedness to you, Mr. ——"

"Steel, Elmer Steel—and your name is Halden. But, really, the pleasure was all mine. It is so seldom that one has an opportunity for really strenuous exercise, and muscles deteriorate so quickly."

Halden grimaced. "I certainly don't

want to be among those present when you get out for some really strenuous exercise; my throat feels as tho it had been in the ore-crusher."

"Perhaps I am a little thoro, but you see you outweigh me by at least seventy pounds."

A crackling "Halt!" stopped them just inside the guard line, and a big Austrian with a flashlight in one hand and an automatic in the other came over to identify them. He nodded to Halden and seemed amazed when he saw Steel. Steel smiled and nodded.

"See here, Dubbel," Halden said crisply, "this isn't a public affair—admission to this party is by invitation only. If I had a few more guards it would be so d—d crowded inside the lines I'd have to hire a traffic man. You'll find a Red or two down by the pit, and one down in the mine; two of them are stiff. And for God's sake don't let the whole Red outfit into the mine. Half a dozen more could have carried it away."

Dubbel said, "Yes, sir," quietly. He was a Union man and he knew that he was doing Halden a favor, and knew that Halden knew it. Such being the case, he would take more abuse than he would have thought of taking if he had been working for wages alone.

"I don't think I'd say much more to Dubbel," Steel said gently, "there aren't enough guards."

Halden was amazed to hear himself answer uncertainly, "Well, perhaps there aren't."

They walked away from the lines. "You'll come over to the house and have something to eat, and let me see you in the light. I don't want to forget the face of the man who saved my life." Halden had already felt that there was a cloak about the man, and doubted if inquiry after Steel would find that character.

"No, I really don't think I shall. I should be glad to, but conditions—condi—that is—condi——" Halden felt a sudden drag at his arm and saw his companion slip to the ground. Amazed, he knelt to see what was the matter with the man. His hand came back from Steel's coat warm and wet; the little man had bled thru his undershirt, shirt, vest and coat, without thinking his injury of sufficient importance to remark.

Without stopping for further examination, Halden picked the other up gently, and carried him, in his arms, to his own house.

AN OLD FAVORITE

A Poem That Has Grown Yellow In Many Scrap Books; One Each Week

Selection No. 9

The Society Upon the Stanislaus

BY BRET HARTE.

I reside at Table Mountain and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow man,
And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the chair for a suspension of the rules
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault,
It seems he had been trespassing on Jones' family vault;
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order when—
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a paleozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain and my name is Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

CHAPTER II.

ABOUT the time that the boarders had voted Steel out of the Missabe House Stove Corner Club, that doughty individual was waking in a bed whose sheets were of softer, whiter linen than Dame Ingebord had ever seen. His side was very stiff and sore, and when he put his hand to it, he found it swathed in bandages. Then he remembered that the big Finn had struck him with a knife, during the fracas of the evening—which evening? With that thought he called sharply, and the sound had not left his lips when Halden stepped into the room.

"How are you feeling now?"

"What day is this?"

"Wednesday."

Steel's eyes went to the window; the sun was barely up, and a long sigh of relief escaped him. He had feared for a moment that more than one night had passed, and his days and nights must not be wasted. He raised himself in the bed and looked around the room. The color scheme was blue, the furniture and woodwork of plain varnished poplar, but of the finest workmanship. The striking and rather pleasing features of the room, Steel partly recognized, but he was searching for something else.

"Where are my clothes?"

Halden smiled. "You won't need them for a day or two, the doctor says. I think Azalea took them downstairs—there was a hole thru them, you know—and they needed cleaning."

"I can't stay—bring them back, please." Steel's face had lost what little remnants of color his wound had left him. "I'll—I'll have to go—right away."

"But man alive——"

"No protests—please. I certainly am not the man for silly humors, and I say it is impossible to stay." Steel tried to raise himself in bed, but fell back with a smothered groan. At this moment the door opened, and a girl's head appeared at the aperture.

"May I come in?"

"Come in, Elsa. Perhaps you can argue this obstinate madman out of his decision to kill himself."

The girl looked at Steel inquiringly with a little smile at the corner of her mouth. Steel decided that if, perhaps, she was not the most strikingly beautiful girl he had ever seen, the glowing purity of her white forehead and clear eyes compensated for more lurid charms. Her hair was brushed smoothly back and tied in a knot at the back of her head, after the fashion of the statue of Artemis. Her face was rather narrow, but smoothly oval, with a straight, almost Roman nose, and a full-nipped, expressive mouth. Saxon blood spoke from the taffy-hued hair and the sharp color contrasts of her skin, now creamy ivory, now crimson, and almost purple at the lids and lashes.

Many times afterward, when Steel tried to visualize her, he did so by summoning first the picture of a transparent temple with a delicate spray of blue veins beneath it. Now he only stared at her and forgot himself, Halden, and his anxiety. He had not lost himself entirely, but he knew that the thing of supremest importance to him was that he see her lips move as she spoke and understood the celestial process by which they brought words to birth.

There was nothing uncertain or hesitant about Steel—as soon as he saw the girl he knew that of all women in the world she was the only one for him, just as he had known that other women were not. From the knot of Artemis at the back of her head to the tiny, high-booted feet everything was perfect, perfect and fitting.

"Are you ready for your breakfast, Mr. Steel?"

A long breath escaped Steel's lips. The momentary enchantment was broken, but it had given place to the constant spell that he knew would be upon him as long as he lived. To believe that her words were commonplace would have been sacrilege, he searched in vain for the poetic in them, and gave up the quest simply because there were other El Dorados in her presence.

"Mr. Steel, this is my daughter, Elsa. Elsa, you will have to convince Mr. Steel that he cannot leave us for awhile."

The girl smiled again. "How absurd! Why, the doctor said you mustn't move for days! Do you know that you were within an inch—less than an inch, of being killed?"

Steel laughed, and again his side shot a sharp, hot throb thru him, and he had no control over the swift, spasmodic agony that wrenched his body. He saw the smile fade swiftly from Elsa's face, and the hurt was more joy than pain to him. Even then his first purpose did not fade from his mind.

"I think I should like a cup of coffee and my clothes, Miss Elsa, if you will be so kind."

"It's silly to talk of going, now," the girl said quietly; "you know you can't do it. I'll send mother with your breakfast—I'm mending your wounds," and she smiled for the third time. Steel wondered how long he would count her smiles; if they could ever become so familiar that he should cease to record them. He started to object, but before the words had come to his lips, the door had swung behind her, and he heard Halden laughing.

"Great little arguer—Elsa. Wish I could put her to work on this strike—she'd fix them—the dirty Reds—and the lazy Union men, too."

"Why—'the lazy Union Men,' Mr. Halden?"

"That's what they are—embryo Soviets. We always got along all right before they started, but these Unions—give them an inch and they'll take a mile. They're drunk with power—they want to take everything we've got; as a matter of fact they're all the same."

"Really, we seriously disagree on the Unions."

"Well—are you a Union man, Steel?"

"Yes, I very decidedly believe in Unions."

Halden looked at him sharply to see if he had evaded deliberately, but there was nothing of his own intentness upon the other man's face—Steel might have been discussing the League of Nations or the difficulty of getting fresh eggs, for all the apparent interest he assumed.

Halden laughed nervously. "You'll think I'm pretty warm about the subject, but I've been fighting them, until, I suppose I'm rather too serious about their demands."

"Don't you imagine that the fact that you are fighting them—the Unions and the Reds—accounts for their similarity in your mind?"

Halden shook his head. "They've both done some pretty dirty tricks to me—but let's discuss something pleasant."

"Such as my chances for getting my clothes."

Halden laughed. "We settled that some time ago——" The door opened and both turned to see Mrs. Halden in the doorway, with a tray from which arose various savours and vapors. Halden hardly noticed the tray, however, in his astonishment at the face he beheld.

MRS. HALDEN was a woman of medium build and middle age, but a face that once seen, could never be forgotten. The skin was blotched and mottled, and Steel, who knew the action of vitriol, knew at once what had caused it. Her features were distorted, and the control of the facial muscles seemed uncertain—a crown of luxuriant brown hair seemed misplaced and unnatural. Amends for all this lay in a pair of wonderful eyes, of the same blue shade as the daughter's; with the same unconscious purity, blended with a maternal tenderness, and gentle appreciation of the things the eyes turned to. It was as tho one had looked upward thru a boiling tumult of storm-clouds and seen Heaven thru two little rifts. Without the uncertain motion at the corners of the mouth, Steel saw by her eyes that she was smiling at him, the confident smile of a woman who has dealt seriously with the world, and whom the world has dealt more strenuously with. Steel wondered what utterly lost beasts had thrown the vitriol that scarred her face.

"This is Mrs. Halden, Mr. Steel," Halden introduced, "you see I'm parading the members of my family one by one."

"You can't know how inexpressibly grateful I am to you, Mr. Steel—Frank is so reckless, but he's just as dear to us as tho he didn't try to throw his life away once a week. But it would be foolish to let you starve to death, while I thanked you for saving his life."

For the second or third time in his life, Steel was saved. Here was so definitely a woman who was the apotheosis of what the world calls "good," from whom the conditions of love and purity were so almost tangibly radiated that he was unable to speak for a moment.

When he did speak it was with his characteristic little sneer of egotism. "Really, you overrate my services. It certainly didn't inconvenience me in the least to swing the big fellow. If it had seemed difficult, probably I would have run."

Mrs. Halden glanced at him so keenly that his eyes dropped. Steel thought it strange that the sheltered and chaste souls, which have had the least experience with life, should always be the ones which have the clearest vision and the greatest penetration. He did not feel uneasy under Mrs. Halden's scrutiny, he was not afraid of an examination into his soul, but his thoughts and feelings had always been so carefully veiled that it seemed decidedly strange to have them so readily deciphered.

He sipped his coffee and ate his toast chatting with her, and he realized subconsciously that her conversation was intelligent and clear; at the same time he knew that it was merely a surface current that covered her investigation of him, just as his volubility covered less certain estimates of her. He might have felt flattered that he so interested her, but Steel was not the man to wrongly estimate any man, even himself, and he took it as a matter of course that he should interest intelligent people.

He knew that she had read his youth and all his pretenses behind his strange young-old face, and the selfish and cynical mask he assumed to disguise them. Halden, an old and experienced judge of men, he had puzzled; Mrs. Halden knew his deepest soul from the first glance. Then he thought of Elsa, and he wondered just how much of her mother's vision she had inherited. He half-feared and half-hoped that she had read his heart in his eyes; but no, she had laughed too carelessly for that.

"Elsa tells me you are not very flattering to our hospitality, Mr. Steel. We don't like to compel you to stay here against your wishes, but we certainly feel that it would be criminal to permit you to leave us now—hospitality out of the question."

Steel smiled. "I am very sorry that it doesn't reduce to a question of my comfort and my welcome. There are very powerful and pressing reasons for my leaving you—as soon as I can get possession of my wardrobe."

"But there is one dominating reason why you can't, and that is your wound." Mrs. Halden began to gather up the breakfast things. At this moment, almost as if by arrangement, Steel heard a piano in a lower room playing Mendelssohn's Spring Song. Halden started to speak, but Steel rather brusquely lifted his hand and they were all silent, listening. The touch was firm and sustained with a moving accent—exactly the way that Steel had always known the melody should be played. After a brief pause the instrumentalist broke into a gay, tripping, polka movement, and this charmed the listener almost as much as the great master's quieter, deeper strains.

When it was all done, Steel sighed and turned to Halden. "Who?"

"Oh, that's some of Elsa's pounding."

Mrs. Halden, however, was smiling at him with her queer smile from the eyes. "You will stay, Mr. Steel?"

Steel drew a long breath. "Yes, I will stay—just one day, if—if she will play for me."

"Of course she will. But perhaps we've talked too long, you must be tired." She took her husband's arm, and with the tray of breakfast dishes, they left the room. Steel smiled musingly to himself after they had gone, and hummed Mendelssohn's entrancing melody with a soulful emotion.

Suddenly, however, he sat bolt upright in the bed, and then fell back with a groan. For a moment he lay gasping and fighting an insane desire to tear the bandages off his wound and let the cool air touch it. His face worked convulsively for a moment, not only with the physical pain, but with an evident disgust for himself.

"God! I can't be trusted with music, any more than a drunkard with booze. I've got to go——"

CHAPTER III.

HE DID not go, however. For a week he lay in the blue bedroom, in a heaven of delight when Elsa was with him, or playing the piano, which she did marvelously; and in a hell of his own making when he remembered that he must not be there.

Without directly questioning him, Elsa endeavored to learn what mysterious case made their house a closed place for him, but he evaded her subtle leads without seeming to evade them. His wound healed rapidly, indicating the cleanliness of his firm flesh, but alternations of rapture and mental struggle had their effect upon his face and mind. He was haggard and pale, but

(Continued on Page 18.)

The Last Installment of

The Strange Sisters

By Harry Adler

CHAPTER XI.

FEARFULLY Beatrice moved along the corridor. Her hand found the balustrade and following the rail she came to the well of the staircase. Step by step she crept down, halting at each level to listen for any alarming sound below. Fortunately the stairs were carpeted, the sound of her feet being thereby deadened. Occasionally the ancient woodwork would creak warningly, and at such times Beatrice's heart would stop functioning utterly. But apparently those below were too engrossed in their discussion for their attention to be caught by stray, fleeting noises, for the flow of their loud talking streamed on uninterruptedly.

The second floor gained safely Beatrice circled the balustrade and commenced on the more dangerous descent to the ground floor. The stairway ran straight down, terminating in the hallway beneath, which doubled back and ran straight to the outer door. Altho there was no light in the hall Beatrice, as she came down, could dimly discern this arrangement by the streak of light that escaped from the front room thru a narrow opening between the heavy hangings. The entrance to this front room lay between the foot of the stairs and the front door and passing this was the greatest danger point. But even when past this, the front door might be locked, in which case she would be trapped; she would then have to retrace her course and seek another means of exit. But she resolutely put all misgivings aside; her only course was forward.

At length she stood safely on the lower floor level. She crept forward, hugging closely the balustrade rail, where the vagrant ray of light fell faintest. But suddenly she stopped in incredulous amazement. Above the voices within the room rose one louder, more compelling, than the others, and that voice . . . It could not be. Beatrice started forward again. But once more the voice rose, carrying with it this time certainty of identity. Her escape for the moment forgotten Beatrice stepped across the hall and crouched down by the entrance to the room, her eye at the edge of the first curtain.

Within she saw a group of five or six men seated about a table, apparently in heated argument. But what caught and held the girl's attention in a frigidity of horror was the sight, at the head of the table and evidently dominating the rest, of her father!

"D—n you!" White cursed the man sitting opposite him, who, Beatrice dazedly noted, was her jailer. "I've had too d—n much loud-mouthed talk from you!"

For an instant the thought flashed thru Beatrice's mind that her father was here in the same manner she was—a prisoner, and that he was dickering for his release; then, that he was here in her own behalf. But his next words dispelled all such theories:

"For over thirty years I've run this gang. Now you come along and raise hell with everything I plan doing. You're the weakest sister in the bunch and yet you think you can tell the rest of us where to get off at. You'll cut that stuff right now—what I say goes!"

HE DREW the bottle that stood on the table towards him and poured himself a stiff drink of the flaming liquid.

An ugly sneer twisted Frank's lips.

"Not with me, it don't!" he defied. Intoxicated by his apparent conquest of Beatrice earlier that evening, tribute, as he interpreted it, to his masterfulness and personality—inflamed further almost out of his senses by the drink he had consumed, he was overstepping the deadline he normally would have observed.

The man next to him—an elderly man with deep set, serious eyes and graying hair—touched him on the arm.

"Come on, here," he put in; "cut this stuff. We ain't here for a debate. Let's get down to business."

"Sure," chorused the other men; all of them hated White, but the feared him and respected his ability; Frank they regarded indifferently as an inconsequential incompetent. The dispute between the two promised nothing but an extended, angry argument and they had other business in hand.

White crashed his fist down on the table.

"I'm running this gang!" he repeated, still addressing Frank and ignoring the rest. "If you don't like the way I run it, get the hell out of here—but so long as you stay you'll do as I say!"

"The hell I will!"

White's eyes narrowed; his violent anger suddenly changed to cool, calculating passion. He at once realized that what for some time he had been expecting had at last arrived: a show-down between himself and Frank. The others about the table also realized this; they leaned back imperceptibly in their chairs, with cold impartiality awaiting the result.

Outside in the hall the unseen spectator crouched against the wall, cramped with terror. Powerless to move, barely able to breathe, she knelt, her eye tight against the aperture.

White's gaze bored into Frank.

"Just what do you mean?" he asked slowly, almost softly.

"You heard me!" The softness in White's tone spelled fear to Frank and his own bravado increased accordingly. "From now on I'm running this bunch. You're a has-been and its time for you to retire." He guffawed loudly at his pleasantry.

"A has-been, am I?" White leaned forward. "It'll take a bigger man than you to put me on the shelf! You d—d, miserable yellow pup, you—you run this gang! You couldn't run a church raffle.

Frank's face went ugly under the taunt.

"Is that so?" he snarled. You——— fourflusher! You bluffed them all so long you think you can bluff me."

"No; I'm not going to bluff you. I save my bluffing for big men—you are worth it. I'm just going to smash you so flat you'll be glad if I let you clean our cuspidors for us here."

There was a menace in his voice as he uttered the threat that chilled Frank.

"To hell with you!" he spluttered. "I guess I can get along without you."

"Don't kid yourself. You'll stay right with us. If you think you're going to slip out and squeal you're way, way off. I'll take care of that. You'll stay right where I can keep my eye on you and you'll do just exactly as I tell you!"

"I'll be d—d if I do!" Frank burst out rebelliously and his hand swept back to his pocket. His intention, however, advertised itself with the first movement of his arm. As his revolver emerged above the table level White, with an agility scarcely believable in a man of his bulk, leaped from his chair and struck the weapon with his fist, sending it flying over the serious man's shoulder. At the same time, with his right hand, he flashed forth his own revolver and leveled it at Frank's breast.

"I've monkeyed with you too long!" he snarled. His cold, steel eyes fixed themselves on his unfortunate opponent's heart as, with deliberate precision, he took aim. Frank, clutching the table edge with one hand, half lifted himself from his chair, his other arm raised as though to ward off the attack. An ashen grayness covered his face; his eyes stood in glassy terror; livid fear contorted his lips.

Beatrice, Rising to Her Feet and Breathing Heavily, Gazed Stupefied at This Strange Girl, a Perfect Double for Herself.

Twice White fired, but the second shot was superfluous. With but a single, gasping sob the aspirant to bandit leadership pitched face forward across the table, then slipped down, crumpling on the floor like a punctured bladder. The impact of his fall deadened the sound of another thud in the hallway without.

CHAPTER XII.

THE culmination of Josie's relations with Arthur came one evening when she had been engaged in her adventure about a week. They were spinning along in Arthur's sport roadster. Arthur was at the wheel and Josie snuggled down low in the seat beside him. The sensuous breath of the night air against their cheeks sped the blood faster thru their veins.

The road stretched smooth before them; Arthur dropped his right hand from the wheel, slipped it from its gauntlet and laid it softly over Josie's hand. She responded with a gentle pressure that thrilled him. Was this the cold Beatrice that had always, with that air of amused boredom, repulsed his advances? The marvelous opportunity could not be passed by. He put his arm around the girl's shoulder and drew her tightly towards him. For an instant she held back. What right had she—Then she nestled tightly against his shoulder.

In the shadow of the roadside, beneath a clump or overhanging trees, Arthur brought the car to a stop. For some little while the two sat, close in each others arms, Arthur's head bent low over Josie's lips.

"At last," he mumured ecstatically. "It has been a long time, Beatrice, darling, that I have waited."

"Was it worth it?" she coyly demanded.

His answer was eloquent, tho wordless.

Arthur was a practical young man. A long while he had wooed Beatrice, but this was the first time she had responded. It might be but the fleeting influence of the love-scented night. He trembled lest the brighter daylight bring back her old attitude of indifference to things of sentiment. He was too honorable to want to take an unfair advantage of circumstances—but it was not difficult for him to persuade himself that once his wife Beatrice would give him the fullest measure of love of which she was capable.

He pressed the girl tighter.

"Let us elope, dearest," he breathed into her ear. "Let us give them all a surprise."

"Oh, we couldn't do that, Arthur," she protested. "What would papa say?"

"He won't mind—not much, anyway," Arthur urged persuasively. "We don't want a big formal wedding—and your father isn't much on that sort of thing; I haven't any relatives to care. So why not slip off now by ourselves and have it over with quietly? There's no reason for putting it off."

Josie's answer was a soft touch of her lips. Within her a tempest was raging. One moment she was Josie Burke, the pretender, playing for a loophole thru which to withdraw safely; the next instant all was forgotten in the overwhelming present fact that she was a young passionate girl, being loved by and loving in return a vibrant, ardent young man. And this latter mood, triumphing over all other considerations, threw its full spell over her.

Swiftly Arthur drove back to the city.

"I'll take you home," he said, "so you can leave a message for your father and get a few clothes. I'll give you half an hour to pack a bag and then I'll be back, all ready for the run across to Jersey."

At the entrance to the apartment-house he stopped and Josie got out. "I'll be back in half an hour," he called happily as he left the curb. "Be sure to be ready."

Josie did not reply. She watched his tail-light dwindle to a speck down the avenue; then entered the building.

She went to her room and dismissed Heloise. She dropped onto the bed and flung herself, face downward, sobbing bitterly. Before her stood wide open the door to blissful happiness; yet she must pass it by. To carry on the deception would be impossible; the real Beatrice must be taken care of very soon, and when Arthur should discover that he had married the wrong girl under false pretenses . . . It was obviously an impossible procedure. But it was not this feature of the situation that deterred Josie and entered most into her grief-laden reflections. Had the situation possessed entire practicability still she would have shut her eyes to the temptation: She loved Arthur sincerely and to deceive him in such fashion would be utterly impossible for her. Truly the past week had been an astounding one in the development of Josie's character.

From the drawer where she had secreted them she took out her own clothes and changed into them. Even

Read This and Finish the Story

BULL WHITE was the leader of a gang of crooks. In the underworld he was looked up to with awe and fear. In the stratum of society in which he moved, he was, if you please, no other than

E. LANCASTER WHITE, man of the world, admired and respected. Bull White has a secret. And this was it: He had an illegitimate daughter from a one-time mistress of his, long ago dead. This daughter knew herself only as

JOSIE BURKE, the daughter of Annie Burke. But Lancaster White—Bull White, if you wish—also had a legitimate daughter,

BEATRICE WHITE, who moved in the best of circles and wanted for nothing.

Josie Burke was a female crook, working in the same gang with

FRANK LOGAN, who aspired to take Bull White's position as the leader of crookdom. After the many exciting adventures related in previous chapters of the story, we find Josie walking on treacherous ground as Beatrice, among Beatrice's friends, and actually enjoying the experience. Arthur Avery seemed to see in her a more wonderful and fascinating personality than ever before. Outside of the grounds she met up with Frank Logan, and told him she was going to go back as Beatrice to New York, to find out who she was supposed to be and to successfully take that person's part, for a while at least.

In the meantime Beatrice, by playing on Logan's vanity and persuading him to drink more than was good for him, got very friendly with him. She felt that in time she might effect an escape from her prison in the house.

Josie, reaching New York, found that she was no one else than the daughter of Bull White—Beatrice White! Now she knew his secret—knew that he had two identically appearing girls by different mothers, one illegitimate, one legitimate. He thought she was Beatrice, however, on account of the way she combed her hair.

Beatrice, while all this was going on, managed at last to manipulate the lock of her prison so that she was no longer a prisoner. And with heart beating rapidly, she descended the stairs of the house, determined to find the way to her freedom.

This story began in No. 52, the Ledger for Dec. 25. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

while so engaged a sad smile crossed her features. What compunctions would the old Josie Burke have had about wearing away with her a few undergarments? Yet the thought now was repugnant to the point of exclusion. Of course, she would be forced to take a dress, shoes and stockings, since her own she had left that night at the Wellington's.

Ready for the street Josie sat down at the dainty little writing desk and drew towards her a sheet of paper.

"Dear, dear Arthur," she wrote. "I know I have no right to so address you, but you are very, very dear to me, and as this is the last time I shall talk to you, either by word or pen, I beg the privilege of calling you my dearest—dearest——.

"I am a fraud and a sham. You love Beatrice White—but I am not she. I am only a bit of worthless gutter scum that by some miracle happens to bear an unbelievable resemblance to the girl you love. I have been masquerading as that girl while she has been held captive. She shall be returned to her home—and you—unharmed. I pray that she may return the love you bear her and that you may be very, very happy. But I cannot go without telling you that, false tho every detail of my past week's life has been, my love for you is true and sincere—how sincere you cannot know. It is that love for you and the memory of your freshness and cleanness that prevents me from now returning to the gutter from where I came; thru the influence of my acquaintance with you this past week my old life is now for me impossible. Therefore, do not deny me the absent kiss of parting I am pressing upon this sheet."

Hot tears dampened the paper as Josie performed this parting rite and signed herself: "The girl you thought was Beatrice." She folded the note, sealed it within an envelope and addressed it to Arthur, leaving it lying conspicuously on the table where Heloise would be sure to see it in the morning.

Pale, but firm, she reached for the doorknob, her glorious adventure at a pitiful end.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Beatrice came out of her swoon all was dark and silent about her. How long she had lain senseless in the hallway she did not know; but apparently all the participants in the scene she had viewed had gone—all except possibly one, she recalled with a shudder of horror. Whether he still lay in that room she did not know. She marveled that she had not been discovered by the men when they had left the house. Being unconscious she had not seen the men turn off all the lights, lest the feeblest ray betray them, and, supporting Frank's limp figure between them, as tho escorting a drink-overcome comrade, carry him to their automobile standing before the house, speeding then to the most convenient spot along the river front. They had not observed, in the pitch blackness of the corridor the deeper strip of shadow caused by the inert figure on the floor.

Slowly Beatrice got to her feet. Her only desire was to leave that terrible house. She turned the knob of the night-latch with which the front door was fastened and stepped out into the refreshing night air. Down the stone steps and along the deserted street she fled.

For a block or two she sped blindly, unseeingly. Then, panting, she slackened her pace. At the next corner she read the street sign; she was about two and a half miles from home. She had no money, not even enough for street car fare. There was nothing for it but to walk. She was frightened at the darkness of the street and hurried along so as quickly to reach the brightness and life of Fifth avenue. Reaching the avenue she turned north.

Her brain was a whirling maze as she walked. At moments an irresistible impulse to rush home as fast as possible seized her and she quickened her pace almost to a run, to the astonishment of the passersby; but then suddenly would rise before her that last scene, and with a shudder she would stop. What was she going home for—what was her home now?

Fifty minutes of this sort of traveling and Beatrice stood before the entrance of the apartment-house. She entered and stepped into the elevator. The colored boy gave her a queer look as he shot her to her floor. He could have sworn that Miss White had gone up about fifteen minutes earlier and had not come down; yet—

Beatrice approached the apartment with a palpitating heart. Was her father home yet? What connection did he have with her capture by his gang, and how would he take her knowledge of that evening's business?

Heloise, opening the door, started back as she saw who was there.

"Why—why—mademoiselle was in her room but now!" she stammered.

"I have not been here for a week!" exclaimed Beatrice.

'Mon Dieu!" the girl cried. "Mademoiselle——!" Incontinently she fled from the room; clearly her mistress had become deranged.

Beatrice had no intention to divert to the mysterious behavior of her maid. She walked to her father's door and knocked firmly.

"It is I, Beatrice," she called, fearing that, expecting the police, he might refuse admittance.

Within the room she heard the heavy step of her father crossing the floor and the turning of a key in the lock. White opened the door and Beatrice stepped within the room.

"It is late," White began in surprise at this visit from his daughter; then as he caught sight of her clothes—she was of course, still wearing Josie's dress—he started back in fright.

"Josie!" he cried. "Josie! You here!"

The thought passed thru Beatrice brain that the tragedy of that evening had destroyed her father's mind.

"I am Beatrice," she said, speaking with slow distinctness. "I have been gone a week."

White passed his hand dazedly across his forehead. He was beginning to think that he was losing his senses. He had seen Beatrice every day, yet here she was saying she had been gone a week. Again, there was the matter of the dress; he had seen Josie wearing that too often to be in doubt as to its ownership—and it was Josie, not Beatrice, that had been gone a week.

HE TURNED his back to the girl and poured himself a drink from the bottle on the table. Then he turned back. It was still "Josie" that stood before him. His face blackened and his brows knotted.

"So this is where you have been the past week," he said menacingly; "spying on me! And that d—d pal of yours, Frank, probably knew, too—altho he gave me a lot of stuff about your laying low on account of that Wellington job."

Beatrice was now fully convinced of the truth of her surmise as to her father's mental condition. Despairingly she cried:

"Don't you recognize me—don't you know me, father?"

At the term of address White paled.

"So you know that, too!" He took a step forward. "Josie," he said, and in his voice Beatrice recognized the same cold menace that had marked it during his altercation with Frank; "I don't know how you found out about all this; I don't know who told you that I am your father, but, by God! I'll know before you leave this room!" The next instant his big hands had gripped Beatrice's throat, before she could utter a sound, and she lay twisting on her knees at his feet.

"You yourself told!" Pale, her dark eyes agleam, Josie stepped into the room. She had left her room after writing her note to Arthur and was about to leave the apartment when she had heard, coming from White's room, a woman's voice that she had at once recognized as Beatrice's. Her first impulse had been to fly, but White's next words, rising loud enough for her to distinguish them, arrested her. The next moment she stood within the room.

At her entrance White leaped back, releasing Beatrice.

"I am Josie," the girl addressed White. "I heard what you just said and that is the first I knew that—you are—my father!"

She alone of the trio comprehended the situation. Beatrice, rising to her feet and breathing heavily, gazed stupefied at this strange girl, a perfect double for herself, who had suddenly interjected herself into the scene. White was leaning back against the table, staring in baffled bewilderment from one girl to the other.

"So you are my father," Josie went on, slowly. "My father! Yet you brought me up in the gutter, among crime and vice of the worst sort. You even kept secret that you were my father!"

Beatrice had by now recovered her breath.

"My sister!" she softly said.

Josie turned to the other girl.

"No wonder we resemble each other so!" She regarded Beatrice half wistfully, half resentfully. "My sister! A home, wealth, ease, education—and love, all yours. For me crime, danger and hate."

The thought of Arthur filled her brain. Dropping against the door jamb she buried her face on her arms and sobbed.

With quick sympathy Beatrice stepped forward and put her arm about her sister. White, for the time being ignored, sank into his chair; he was utterly bewildered at the amazing complication before him, utterly at a loss to explain the situation.

"But how did you come here, Josie?" he burst out. "I don't understand! I—I think I am going insane!"

For some moments Josie's sobbing continued; then she slowly straightened herself and turned to face White.

"That night of the Wellington job," she explained, "Beatrice interrupted Frank and me before we could get started. I doped her before she could do any damage, but her friend—Madeline Wellington—started calling her from upstairs. I noticed Beatrice's resemblance to myself, so went upstairs, substituting for her while Frank took care of her. I have been masquerading for her ever since, while she has been kept prisoner by Frank in the house on East Twenty-Second Street." For the first time it occurred to Josie to wonder at Beatrice's presence.

"How did you get here?" she inquired, addressing the other girl.

"I escaped from my room," Beatrice said.

"Some jailer, Frank is," Josie exclaimed scornfully.

"He'll never keep any one else prisoner." Beatrice's voice was low and clear and she looked straight at her father.

White's face blanched. The neck of the bottle rattled against the edge of the glass as he poured himself another drink.

"What do you mean?" demanded Josie quickly. "You didn't——"

Her half spoken query was perfectly plain.

"No—I didn't."

Josie suddenly caught the strained note in Beatrice's voice and noticed her fixed regard of White. She drew in her breath.

"So you croaked Frank at last," she addressed White. "I was afraid you'd do it some time or other—but you might have given him a little longer chance. He was a foolish kid—but just the same——"

Beatrice's control, held in check up till now, burst out of bounds.

"My father! My father!" she sobbed, burying her face in her hands. "My father a murderer! How could you—oh, how could you!"

White sagged in his chair. The muscles of his gray face hung flaccidly, showing deep seams.

"I—I had to," he huskily protested. "He would have killed me."

"No! No!" Beatrice cried in denial. "I saw it all—I was in the hallway, watching thru the curtains. He was unarmed when you shot him. And he looked so pitiful, so weak—oh, how could you, how could you!"

White raised himself heavily from his chair.

"Beatrice!" he pleaded, coming toward her, his arms outstretched. "You have been everything to me—my whole life has been centered about you. Don't forsake me now—don't turn on me!"

Beatrice shrank back from his advance.

"Don't!" she cried, shuddering. "I didn't know you—what you were. A criminal—a lifelong criminal; a—a murderer! I never want to see you again!" she cried passionately. "Everything you have given me—except the right to hold my head up proudly in decent society!"

Before her attack White's arms dropped to his side and his chin sank on his breast. A few hours earlier he had been a figure of power and force and arrogance; now he looked and felt in every tissue a broken, crushed man. The only person in the whole wide world whose respect and love he had craved had had the whole noisome vileness of his life spread out before her and she had revolted at the sight. He was a pitiful figure as, with the ruins of his sordid life crashing about him, he sank once more into his chair.

CHAPTER XIV.

BEATRICE turned to Josie.

"I suppose," she said, "I ought to feel an enmity toward you for my past week's imprisonment. But somehow I can only feel a deep sympathy for you. We are sisters—yet our lives have been totally apart."

"Yes," Josie replied bitterly. "Yours has been the joy and brightness, the love; mine the gloom, the sordidness, the hate."

"Oh, do not envy me," cried Beatrice, hot tears overrunning her eyes. "Of what avail was all the past brightness, based as it was on crime and falseness. What am I now? How can I face my friends? You can climb up out of the wretchedness of your past life."

"Climb up—climb up!" Josie laughed listlessly. She was thinking of Arthur.

"Yes. You have your whole life before you to retrieve the unhappy past years. Between you and—our father—there has been nothing but hate in the past. But I—I have loved him—I have looked up to him as every girl looks up to her father; and to discover what I have just discovered—to see what I have seen this night——" She covered her face with her hands and shuddered.

Both girls were too engrossed in each other to observe White rise from his seat and slip quietly into the adjoining bathroom. His step was the step of an old, weary, broken man.

"But," and Josie's voice was low, "you have Arthur."

"Arthur!" Beatrice looked up quickly. "Yes, of course," she then said, "you must have met Arthur." She was silent a few seconds. "Do you think I could face Arthur or any of the rest of my friends?" she asked, sadly. Slowly she shook her head from side to side. She continued:

"No; that part of my life is closed. Tonight I leave this city and with it all that I have been. From tonight I become a different person. Alone and unknown, among strangers, I shall try to fight out my own future, free of my false past."

Josie shook her head negatively.

"No," she cried. "Don't do that. It would break Arthur's heart." She stepped closer to Beatrice. "During the past week," she went on, "I have been with him constantly. He loves you dearly. Thinking me you he has made love to me. I am afraid I gave him enough encouragement, at first as part of my game, then because—because——" Her voice choked her; she could not continue.

Beatrice at once sensed the situation.

"You poor girl," she exclaimed. "I believe you love him yourself!"

"I do—oh, I do!" Josie cried in anguish. "Better than anything else in the world. I love him so that I could not bear to deceive him longer. He asked me to marry him tonight and elope; I was leaving here tonight to go back to release you. It is you he wants, you—and it is his happiness only that counts."

Beatrice laid her arm about the other girl's bent shoulders.

"You poor, poor girl," she said. "You are wrong. For a week Arthur has been around you and it was you he asked to elope; it must be you he wants, not me. He used to play at loving me, but I'm afraid I did not reciprocate warmly enough. I can never marry him—for one thing I do not love him; I am afraid I am not meant for love, at least not for a good many years yet. Furthermore, as I said, I cannot bear to face my old friends. But do not you push aside the happiness that can be yours. Your life has been a bitter one. Seize this chance for happiness. You love Arthur and he loves you. Take up my life where I am leaving it. It is rightfully yours—always has been—so take now what you have been heretofore deprived of."

"I could not deceive Arthur," Josie rejected the proposal. "To start my new life with a cruel deception like that would be worse than anything I have ever done in my past life."

"I did not mean that. Tell Arthur, certainly, but none of the rest need know."

"And do you think Arthur would want me, knowing what I have been. Josie

"The Lord's Good Way"

(The Old-Time Brother Speaks)

"How is the world a-goin'?——"
That's what he heard us say;
An' this sure word
Is what WE heard:
"It's goin' the Lord's good way!

"In the dark time, as the day;
In storm, or the rainbow's ray,
It jes' can't miss,
For I tell you this:
It's goin' the Lord's good way!

"But the world ain't like it ONCE was—
So much TROUBLE to pay!"
An' he'd answer straight:
"To the glory-gate
It's goin' the Lord's good way!

"SEEMS like it goes astray—
More winter wild than May;
But—sigh or song,
It's a STRAIGHT-ALONG—
It's goin' the Lord's good way!"

—FRANK L. STANTON.

laughed mirthlessly. "You forget I have been a crook. I have had my ideals," she proudly added, "of personal decency; but nevertheless I am a child of the gutter and Arthur Avery is of the world's best and finest. What would he say to a gutter creature like me?"

"He would say still, 'I love you and want you'," broke in a clear, masculine voice. For the second time that night the door opened unexpectedly, and Arthur stepped within the room.

"I suppose I had—better explain myself quickly," he said to the two startled girls. "I came around as arranged with Beatrice—or rather, Josie—shortly after leaving her. In my impatience it may have been less than the half hour agreed on. I waited a while down below in the car; then, as Josie did not appear, I came up to investigate. I entered the apartment quietly, to see what was up, and just as I entered I saw Josie—thinking it was Beatrice, of course—disappear into this room. I was going to knock for her when I heard—well, you know what I must have heard. Of course, a gentleman does not eavesdrop; I can offer no apology for that. But it seemed so vital to my own affairs that I could not help listening."

He looked from one girl to the other.

"Now, which is which?" he demanded.

"I am Beatrice."

"And I—Josie." The latter's head dropped sadly as she made her announcement.

ARTHUR went over to Josie and put his arm around her shoulders. She looked up in amazement and started to draw away; but he held her firmly.

"Beatrice," he said, "I need offer no apology for deserting you for Josie. You do not love me—you never did, so you can have no regrets. Josie has brought me all that I admired in you and by her demeanor and by her own confession she loves me."

"But you can't love me," protested Josie, faintly, trying to extricate herself from his hold. But he turned and drew her tightly to his breast.

"What you have been was thru no fault of yours. It is what you are and will be that counts."

A cloud passed over his face.

"The most urgent thing now," he said, "is to see about this affair of your father's."

He looked about the room. "Why, I thought I heard him in here," he exclaimed.

The girls turned swiftly to where White had been sitting. They gasped in surprise at the vacant chair.

"He was here a few minutes ago," stammered Josie.

Arthur's eye noted the open bathroom door. He strode over toward it and looked into the next room. With a cry he sprang forward; an instant later he reappeared and stayed the girls, who were approaching to enter.

"He is dead," he announced quietly. "Poison." He twisted a little vial between his fingers and then slipped it thoughtfully into his vest pocket.

"No one need know," he went on. "It will be pronounced heart failure. I shall see to that."

Beatrice was weeping softly. Arthur patted her arm gently:

"Come, come, Beatrice," he said. "After all, it is better so—after tonight."

The girl went into the bathroom for a last look at her father; scoundrel tho he had been he had, after all, loved her and in his way been a good father to her. Presently she reappeared, quiet and collected.

"I am going to my old room," she stated, "for a few clothes. I shall then say good-by to you and give you my sincerest wishes for a very, very happy future."

She left then.

A momentary shadow flitted across Josie's features.

"I am afraid for Beatrice," she objected, doubtfully.

Arthur shook his head.

"Don't fear for her," he said. "She will be able to get along without difficulty and tho her disillusionment has come with a shock and things look black now she will rise above them shortly. I shall have her movements watched secretly so we shan't lose sight of her and after some little while, when time shall have softened her sorrow and we can calmly determine how much, if anything, we need tell our friends, we shall see that you are united—as real sisters."

Josie could not speak. Life had suddenly become too good to her.

"Oh, Josie, Josie!" Arthur cried; "we'll be so happy together! First a long trip abroad, roaming over the wide, wide world for a year or two, till we can forget forever all the unpleasantness of the past. And then home—our home!"

"Home!" Josie's eyes brimmed over. "What is home?"

The End.

Roses and Kisses.

ASHY young man had been calling on the "sweetest girl in the world" for many months, but, being bashful, his suit had progressed slowly.

Finally she decided she ought to set things going, so the next time he called she pointed to the rose in his coat and said, "I'll give you a kiss for that."

A crimson flush spread over his countenance, but the exchange was made. Then he grabbed his hat and started to leave the room.

"Where are you going?" she asked in surprise.

"To the—er—florist for more roses," he called back from the front door.

True.

SUSIE—Papa, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?

Her Father—The woman.

Sufficient.

"MRS. GAYDOG is seeking a divorce on strictly modern lines."

"Zatso? What grounds?"

"Incompatibility of political beliefs."

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Send coupon below TODAY for this sensational, price-smashing bargain. Yes, solid comfort indeed. When back is lowered and foot rest extended, it's just like stretching out on a couch! No home is complete without this comfortable and attractive piece of furniture. Especially now, on our cut price, $1.00 down, easy payment offer. Read our offer below.

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Easy Payments

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Street, R.F.D. or Box No......

Shipping Point.....

Post Office.....

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No Money Down

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This wonderful New Edison Diamond Amberola—Mr. Edison's great new phonograph with the Diamond Stylus Reproducer, and 12 brand new Blue Amberol Indestructible Four-Minute Records send to you on *absolutely free* trial. These records are included with the outfit. Entertain your family and friends with the latest song hits of the big cities, side splitting minstrel shows, Grand Opera and Comic Vaudeville. Try it first and convince yourself of the superiority of Mr. Edison's great masterpiece.

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If you wish to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument after the free trial, send us only $1.00. Pay the balance for complete outfit in small monthly payments of $5.00 for 9 months, $2.20 for the 10th month, plus 6% interest amounting to $1.50—total $49.70. *Send no money.* Just fill out coupon below and mail to us at once.

Order From This Coupon

Of course, we do *not* want to ship an outfit to a person who cannot afford to at least pay on easy payments (and when you get a trial it must be understood that you can *afford* to keep it). *Yet no one is under any obligations* to keep an outfit if it is not entirely satisfactory. If it is not just what you want for your home, return it *at our expense; you*, not we must judge what the Edison phonograph means to you, and we accept your decision cheerfully and without question. But send the coupon today, *NOW.* Determine now you will bring this joy and cheerfulness to your home.

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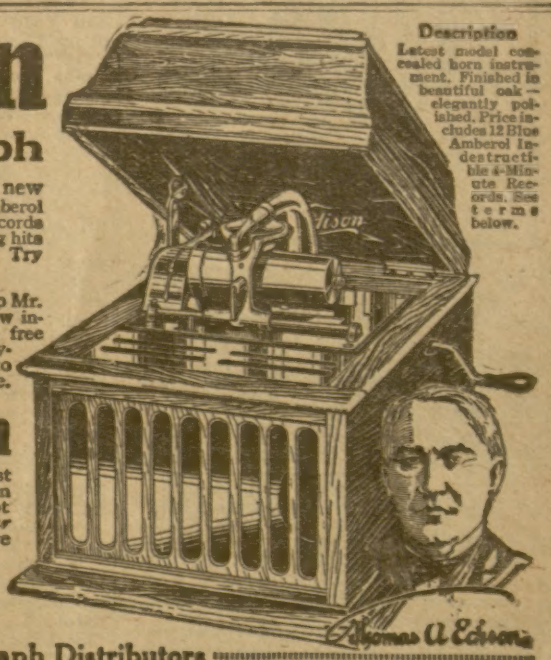

Description

Latest model concealed horn instrument. Finished in beautiful oak—elegantly polished. Price includes 12 Blue Amberol Indestructible 4-Minute Records. See terms below.

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors

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Dear Mr. Babson—As per offer I should like to hear Mr. Edison's wonderful new style phonograph with the new Diamond Stylus reproducer in my own home on free trial. Also send me 12 Blue Amberol Records, which are included with the outfit. If I decide to keep the outfit, I will have the privilege of the rock-bottom price direct from you on your special terms. I agree merely to take the outfit promptly from the depot, pay the small freight or express charges and if I do not find it thoroughly satisfactory, I reserve the right to return the outfit at once at your expense. Otherwise, I will send the first payment of $1.00 within 48 hours after the free trial, or as soon as possible, in no case exceeding one week, and will make monthly payments thereafter of $5.00 a month for 9 months and $2.20 the 10th month, plus 6% interest, amounting to $1.50, total $49.70. The outfit is to remain your property until the last payment has been made.

(Write or print your name and address very plainly.)

Name.....Address or R. F. D. No.....Post Office.....State.....

Ship by.....Express. Shipping Point.....Occupation.....

Age.....Married or single.....If steadily employed at a salary please state.....

How long a resident in your neighborhood and your vicinity.....If there is any possibility of changing your address during the next year, what will be your next address.....

Please give the names of two references.

Address Business or Occupation

Name.....

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This is a real heavy winter sweater, made of heavy mixed marino yarn. Slip-over style, with V neck and full length sleeves. Just like picture. Will give excellent wear. Sizes to fit Ladies or Men 34 to 46. Colors, khaki or navy blue.

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Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$5.50	$1.60	34x4	$ 8.75	$2.60
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31x3½	6.75	1.85	35x4½	11.00	3.15
32x3½	7.00	2.00	36x4½	11.50	3.40
31x4	8.00	2.25	35x5	12.50	3.50
32x4	8.25	2.40	36x5	12.75	3.65
33x4	8.50	2.50	37x5	12.75	3.75

WRITE Remember, we guarantee your perfect satisfaction. Pay only on arrival. Examine and judge for yourself. If not satisfied—send them back at our expense. We will refund your money without question. Be sure to state size wanted—Clincher, S. S., Non-Skid, Plain.

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Ouija Bored

By C. B. Orwig

EDDIE BENTON returned from his sojourn in Paris, Coblenz and vicinity, received his honorable discharge, exchanged khaki for serge and spent all his war savings before he wended his way back to his California ranch, which now looked to him like a very dry and forsaken locale and which was, in reality, much drier than he feared. Three years before Eddie had left his one hundred and six acres in care of a son of Nippon and his "Picture Bride." Nogi had been raising beans, berries and babies to the best of his ability, but was full of complaints in reporting to his landlord. Expecting to become an influential member of the producers' trust, Nogi's hopes had been blasted. One overworked well and the meager rainfall were to blame and irrigation was demanded. Eddie investigated the cost of well-digging, piping and ditching, consulted his bank balance and announced that the time was not propitious for such expenditure, whereupon Nogi moved his wife, babies, kimonos, bulbs, sprouts, buds and Buddahs to an irrigated ranch near by. Then Eddie advertised for a new tenant. Applicants came and went, explaining that the general dryness thruout the United States was sufficiently irritating without moving to a semi-desert.

The disgusted Eddie placed his land in the hands of the nearest real estate agent, beseeching him to report any reasonable offer and departed for Los Angeles to seek employment. He secured a job driving a huge motor truck, reminding him pleasantly of the tank he had ridden in abroad. Rounding a corner in the business district one day he almost ran into his old buddy (not Buddha), Len Gilmore. There was a joyous reunion as Len climbed into the drivers' seat and demanded: "What brought you here?"

Eddie detailed the news, finishing with: "As soon as I sell, I'll invest my money in business here; meanwhile I'm chauffeuring this baby grand."

"Sis is pulling off a party tonight. There's a snappy bunch coming. Be sure to breeze in about 8 and I'll promise you a lark," said Len, before they parted.

Eddie received a royal welcome at the Gilmore bungalow, where there was plain and fancy dancing to the rhythmic din of a phonograph, abetted by jazz records. Much palatable food, followed by beverages permitted by the Volstead act, added to the guests' pleasure before the hostess introduced a Ouija board, which was received with clamorous appreciation by the assemblage, excepting only Eddie.

"Get busy, Ed," advised Len, noting this indifference.

"You're not talking to me," replied Eddie. "Any old time I ask a piece of wood for advice, take me to the psychopathic ward."

"Oh, come on, Mr. Benton," called Len's sister, a jolly girl, who made Eddie feel less lonesome whenever he looked at her. "You want to find out something, don't you?"

"Sure, but I hope I know better than to consult a piece of varnished pine."

"What is it you want to know?" probed the girl.

"When I can sell my ranch," admitted Eddie.

It was Len Gilmore, assisted by Helen Patterson, who put the question to Ouija when Eddie flatly refused. "Ouija, had Eddie better sell his ranch?" they inquired. In spite of his prejudice, Eddie looked on while the pointer picked out the letters N O.

"Did you get that, Ed? Don't you go against the advice of Ouija, or you'll get in bad," warned Len.

"Piffle! I'm going to sell out to the first bidder. What do I care for Ouija?" he defied.

But late that night when Eddie found a letter from his agent advising him of a "prospect" who offered a hundred dollars per acre, he was troubled by a vague uneasiness which made him decline. Len Gilmore approved his action with: "That's right, Ed, hold off, until Ouija favors it."

"Cut the comedy, Len. Ouija has nothing to do with this!" asserted Eddie vehemently.

A week later the offer was raised to one hundred and five dollars per acre.

"Whoopee! I'm glad I waited!" exclaimed Eddie gleefully.

"What did I tell you? Now you ask Ouija if you'd better snap up this," advised Len.

"Hang Ouija!" returned Eddie, unfeelingly, whereupon Len conducted the inquiry personally, reporting to a bored and abusive audience that a negative reply had been given.

"That means zero in my young life," sneered Eddie, but when he raised his fountain pen to make the strokes that would forever separate him from his "white elephant," he hesitated and was lost in doubt, later refusing the tender he had been so eager to accept.

THE real estate man failed to appreciate Eddie's vacillations, and conveyed his opinion in a short letter in which he referred to various dieties and consigned Eddie to a torrid region, refusing to communicate further with him.

"I don't wonder he's wrathy," Eddie commented. "Maybe I was a fool to turn him down." But he changed this view a few weeks later when Sam Nickols, who owned the ranch adjoining Benton's, requested him to name the lowest price he would take. Eddie wired: "One hundred and ten dollars per acre," which, to his surprise and delight, was accepted. Very well satisfied, he executed a deed and sent it with the abstract to his bank. While waiting for his money, he boasted of his sale to Gilmore.

"What did you do that for?" disapproved Len. "You're bucking against Ouija! I'm going to ask her if it's a go."

"For cat's sake, Len, don't take that fake seriously! Anyway, if you must ask fool questions, get some outsider to work it."

Two new and wholly disinterested hands were laid upon Ouija and, to the amusement of every one, the board reiterated its former response. "Ouija stands pat," laughed Len. "Your sale is no go."

"I'll show you the draft in a couple of days," was the condescending retort.

A full week of frantic pursuit of the postman terminated by the visit of a messenger boy bearing this telegram: "Sam Nickols killed in auto crash. Returning your papers. (Signed) Home Savings Bank."

Eddie heroically endured the fusillade of "I told you sos" hurled at him by Len, but vigorously scouted the idea that Ouija had influenced the matter.

"Use your horse sense, Len," he jeered. "How could that darn little plaything run Nickols' motor car into a Pacific electric car?"

Tho downed for a while, Eddie was again in the ascendant a month later when he had a communication from one Bill Forbes, late of Texas, informing him he had bought the Nickols property and proposing to take the Benton tract on the same terms.

"Oh, boy! I see seventeen thousand six hundred dollars coming my way," gloated Eddie.

"Bet you're afraid to consult Ouija," challenged Len.

"While I've put away childish toys, I've no objection if you play with them," rejoined Eddie loftily.

"Does Ed cash in this time?" Gilmore inquired of the wooden oracle. Again Ouija brought down her foot, so to speak, on the deal.

"Maybe she wants you to rent your ranch," suggested Len's sister, whom Eddie now addressed as Margie.

"Rent it? I'd be tickled to death, only nobody wants it without irrigation."

"I'll consult Ouija, anyway," declared Margie, putting the question squarely before the thin piece of painted timber. There was a ripple of laughter when the reply was YES.

"A frame-up!" accused Eddie. "Madame Hocus Pocus has no string tied to me." At first he determined to accept Forbes' terms; he was actually engaged in the writing when the mysterious doubts again began to haunt him. He was pacing the floor, rumpling his hair for inspiration, when he received the following telegram, collect, from Nogi, his former tenant. "No sell ranch to Hon. Forbes for delicious hopes. Kindly."

"What's he driving at?" pondered Eddie. "Bother the whole shebang! I'm going to keep my land. I wonder if Margie would like ranch life?" Under the combined spell of Ouija, Nogi and Margie, he wired: "Land not for sale, but will lease."

He expected no reply and was agreeably surprised to receive a long printed lease, in duplicate, with a draft for one hundred dollars on account. Hurriedly glancing over the first paragraph he attached his signature and returned one of the papers immediately.

His ranch was off his mind now. He wished Forbes luck at dry farming. He really didn't expect a mere tenant to dig wells, hence his extreme surprise three months later when he received this wire from Forbes: "Struck well first drilling. Come at once."

"Well? Some tenant! Irrigating at his own expense!" thought Edide. "I'm sure glad he had good luck the first shot. Gee, that'll raise the value of my land!"

The following Sunday found Eddie standing near his ranch house, surprised

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The natural color of my hair is
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medium brown..... light brown.....

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Street.....
Town.....
Co..... State.....

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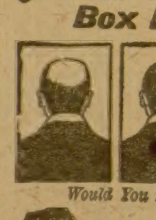

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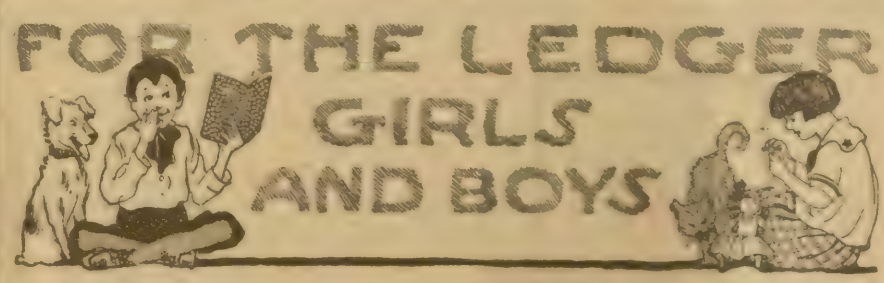

Fluffy Ruffles Tries to Help.

FLUFFY RUFFLES sat huddled up in one corner of his cage. He was feeling very miserable. All of his tail feathers had come out but one, and that one he could not seem to get rid of, no matter how he tried. It looked so ridiculous beside the lovely new tail feathers that were just beginning to come out. Only this morning some one at the breakfast table had called attention to him and laughed. No one but a moulting bird can understand how he felt. If he had been a free bird, he would have hidden away until his new winter wardrobe was quite complete. His throat, too, felt sore and he could not seem to make any of the sweet notes he was accustomed to make so easily. He tried once or twice when no one was looking.

So, on this bright, sunny morning, he sat huddled up in a corner of his cage and sulked. So absorbed was he in his own troubles that he did not at first notice that his little mistress was not at table. She usually came and gave him seed and water and talked to him, and he sang to her, for he was very fond of her.

But on this morning no little girl came near. "Why doesn't she come and attend to me?" thought Fuffy, "when I'm so sick, too." Then he called to her at first softly, and then louder, but no laughing little Marjorie came to him. Fluffy felt very lonesome, and very much abused. He wished he were one of the birds that flew by his window who had no little mistress to forget him.

As he sat there thinking these things, he heard Majorie's father talking with a strange man and this is what he was saying, "Marjorie is a sick girl, Mr. Bennett. Keep her in the house carefully wrapped up, and try to keep her cheerful and happy for a few days, and I think she'll come out of it all right. I'll come in tomorrow and see her." Then he shook hands with Marjorie's father and went away.

"So that was what it all meant," said Fluffy Ruffles to himself. "His little mistress was sick and couldn't come to him as usual. And he, Fluffy Ruffles, had been thinking hard things of her and had been sulking in his cage."

"What was it the strange man had said?" She must be kept cheerful and happy." Marjorie was an only child, and as her mother was a very busy woman the little girl often had lonely hours."

Fluffy thought a moment. Then he got up from his corner and shook himself. "If she would only come in now," he thought, "he would show her how he loved her." His throat hurt sorely, but he tried to make a few warbles for her. Perhaps she would hear and understand. Over and over again he tried his notes, singing more clearly each time. But he didn't mind because he knew she would understand.

Then he heard a little girl's voice. It sounded strangely weak and far away.

"Mamma," it said. "O mamma, I hear Fluffy Ruffles singing, and I know he is singing for me. Please take me in where he is."

"Dear," answered another voice, "the doctor said that you were not to be moved, but I'll bring him in here if you wish."

Fluffy Ruffles was brought into his little mistress' room, and all day long he warbled, tho his throat hurt cruelly. But he did not mind because he knew he was doing "his bit."

The Elephant and Betty Brown.

BETTY BROWN was having a beautiful time sitting on the little great-grandmother-cricket in the nursery, cutting out dresses for her paper dolls, when suddenly her mother heard a wild scream and running into the nursery found her standing on the great-grandmother-cricket, her little slippered feet close together, her short skirts pulled close around her knees, and all her rosy face in a pucker.

"What is the matter, B. B.?" asked Betty's mother.

"Oh, the mouse—the mouse—it ran across the room—it is under the bureau—I'm almost scared to death—I——"

"Stop, child," said her mother firmly; "stand right where you are until I tell you an elephant story."

So Betty kept her place on the cricket, looking fearfully from side to side, but wondering all the while what an elephant story had to do with the mouse under the bureau.

"Once upon a time," began the story teller, "there was a young elephant playing in a lot; he was young, but he was big, oh, very big! As tall as the top of the wardrobe, and as long as your bed."

Betty said softly, "Goodness me!" She hadn't seen an elephant for a long time, and she had almost forgotten how big they were.

"Suddenly," said the story teller, "the mother elephant, who was in a big tent, heard the young elephant make a loud, dreadful sound that meant he was 'most scared to death;' she padded out on her big feet to see what was the matter, and found the young elephant had climbed up—would you believe it—on a platform which belonged to the circus tent.

'What is the matter?" she asked.

"'Oh, look what has come into the lot,' screamed the young elephant; 'a little girl ran past me just now—she is over there by the fence—and I'm most scared to death.'

"Now, B. B., what would you think of a creature as tall as the wardrobe and as long as the bed, being 'most scared to death' by a little girl no bigger than you? Wouldn't you say that was silly?

"No sillier than for a girl as big as you to scream and climb up on a cricket because a wee mousie, no longer than my finger and itself most scared to death, ran across the room!"

Betty stepped down off the great-grandmother-cricket, looking sort of ashamed of herself, and the next time she saw the mousie, tho she was just about to scream and run and climb up on something, when she thought about the silly elephant she clapped her little hand over her mouth and stood right still, while mousie tied him away out of sight, "most scared to death."

Discriminates.

SCENE—Little Mary taking a huge mouthful of orange.

Mother (horrified)—Why, Mary, don't swallow that whole.

Little Mary—What hole?

New Name for Succotash.

SUCCOTASH was a new dish in small Bobbie's house, but he evinced a decided fondness for it, and passing up his plate for a second portion said:

"Mamma, please give me some more of the sacred hash."

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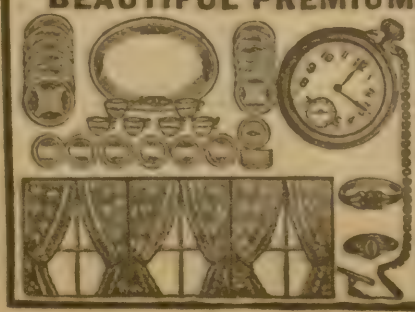
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Dept. L 223 Tyrone, Pa.

The House in the Mist

By Hermann Bacher Deutsch and Robert J. Casey

Read This First

The famous Everett diamond, owned by a Chicago family of that name, had been stolen, and the newspapers were making much of the sensational story. In a strange manner the almost priceless gem came into the possession of

JAMES BRADSHAW, a traveling salesman and story writer, who had come North from Oklahoma and taken an apartment in Mrs. Brennan's rooming-house. In fact, the big sparkler had rolled from his suit of pajamas as he was about to retire. There was a spot of blood on the sleeping suit. In an adjoining room he found

TERRY HIGGINS, whose hand was cut and bleeding. Bradshaw aided the young man, who was not seriously injured; and, getting no explanation from Higgins, returned to his room to examine the ancient and shabby bookcase in which he had hung his wearing apparel, including the pajamas. To his great surprise he found the diamond gone from the place where he had hastily concealed it. During the night some one entered his room, evidently for a purpose, and the gas grate, which he had extinguished before retiring, in the morning was again fully ablaze. To get away from these unpleasant and puzzling facts, our hero walked up to a neighborhood park with Mrs. Brennan's girl roomer,

JANET ROBERTS, refined and pretty, but in some way connected with the mysterious "Mr. Higgins," as he was known at the rooming-house. On their way to the park the pair met a suspicious character known to the girl and others as "The Man-With-the-Dog," and the huge animal was quite as forbidding as its brutal-looking master. That Janet for some unexpected reason seemed to be in great fear of the fellow, that much was quite evident to Bradshaw, who finally decided that the three—Higgins, the girl and the Dog-man could explain the whereabouts of the missing Everett diamond.

This story began in No. 3 the Ledger for Jan. 15. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER VI.
NO ASSISTANCE NEEDED.

MERELY to reassure myself of my own sanity, I emptied the contents of the waste-basket onto the floor in the middle of the room and searched each scrap of paper, each folded and torn envelope. I taxed my memory to make sure that I had not myself removed the gem and recalled clearly how I had crumpled the paper and tossed the wad into the basket the last thing before I had settled myself to read.

There could be do doubt of it. I had a visitor. The first chill of the experience of finding myself suddenly alone within a few seconds after the room had unquestionably been occupied had worn off. I was sufficiently calm to know that altho no window had been raised and no door had been unlocked or opened, my visitor had not been a supernatural one and that he had entered and left by some perfectly natural means.

I felt as I had once at a vaudeville show when Houdini, bolted and locked in a trunk, had extricated himself while his assistant counted three . . . then as now I had been shocked, but not dismayed. My visitor had been clever—his success was a challenge to my own cleverness—to my intelligence. Tacitly I accepted the challenge.

I was in a peculiar position because I could raise no alarm. If I notified the police, there would certainly be embarrassing questions as to how the Everett diamond came into my possession. My tale that I had found it among some of my linens would be laughed out of court, I knew. Already I could see the headlines blazoning forth the fact that the mystery of the theft had been unraveled—or should I say, unraffled—and that James Bradshaw, society criminal, had been apprehended.

It was too much for me. The diamond was gone, anyway, so that I might feel sure that I would have no more ghostly visitors that night. I, therefore, opened the windows, released the spring which turned my couch into a bed, and turned in.

* * * * * * *

I had been neglecting my work shamefully during the past two days and consequently tried, the next morning, to settle down to a bit of steady writing. But it was impossible. The strange events of the past forty-eight hours kept whirling thru my mind in a panorama which had neither beginning nor end.

Finally I gave it up in disgust. I seated myself in the armchair and with pad and pencil, set down on different sheets of paper the various events and began to shuffle and rearrange them in the hope that some order might come out of the chaos. Naturally I left the Man-With-the-Dog out of consideration, for I could not possibly see what connection he could have with the affair. I regarded him, I suppose, merely as a cheap masher, whose occupation consisted of annoying women in the parks.

On the first slip I placed the discovery of the jewel and the drop of blood. On the next the wound in Higgins' wrist. On the third I put, of course, the finding of my room in disorder when I returned to it after a half hour with Higgins. Next I noted the discovery, on the following morning, that Higgins had disappeared.

"I Wrapped My Left Arm Around His Neck——"

So far so good. It all seemed logical enough. Yet, stay, hadn't I forgotten the event which seemed to herald it all—the scurry of footsteps down the hallway and the weird whisper from my porch? Obviously this implicated Janet, and just as obviously I refused to connect her with the affair. Then my room had been entered by some other means than the door or window, last night, and had been vacated in the twinkling of an eye—for from first to last I refused to consider the presence of anything supernatural. Ghosts might have explained the visitation satisfactorily, but they would have required some explanation themselves. For, even granted that a ghost could vanish, the diamond couldn't. No, that diamond had been carried from my room.

I started over again, and rearranged my cards, placing Higgins at the top. Well, Higgins certainly had an accomplice who ransacked my room while I was busied with his infernal wrist. Still, that led to nowhere, because to find the accomplice I must find Higgins.

I tried again with a different arrangement. Beginning with the scramble on my porch I tried to work back thru it to Higgins. Monstrous as it seemed, I even considered Janet as a possible accomplice to our friend Higgins. Yet, altho access to my balcony could be gained thru Janet's room, how could any one get from the balcony to my room when the door had been securely locked?

I gave it up in disgust and picked up the morning paper to look for new developments in the chase of the diamond thief. The fact that there were none of significance was attested to by the retreat of the story from the front page. The police were searching for former servants in the Everett household and also for the inevitable "unnamed suspect with a criminal record."

What concerned me most was the fact that a reward of $2,500 was offered for the return of the stone. I groaned inwardly as I realized that the reward had been all but in my grasp, and cursed myself for a silly fool because I had let it slip.

However, I saw that such reflections were not going to help me to the recovery of the gem—an ambition which had now become an obsession. I determined to rest myself by going out for luncheon and taking a long walk during the afternoon. Then I would go to work in the evening, refreshed and ready for the marauder's chance return. I rather doubted, however, that I would ever see or hear from that gentleman again. Now that he had the diamond, why should he come back?

AS I went out, it occurred to me to ask Janet whether she would care for a walk that afternoon. I approached her door. When I was within a few feet of it I stopped short, as tho I had been struck a blow in the face. For from the room came a growl, a low, snarling, menacing growl—the growl which had threatened me in the park the night before.

A voice—unmistakably a man's voice, said something I could not catch. There was a half-stifled scream, and then I started forward.

The door was locked and I beat on it with my closed fists. To my surprise it was opened at once and Janet stood before me. She was white and held herself steady only by a painfully obvious effort, yet when she spoke it was with a voice that betrayed no hint of agitation.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bradshaw," she said. "Is anything the matter?"

The room was a small one and I swept it at a glance. Janet was the only person in it. In my stupefaction I tried to murmur some sort of apology.

"I thought I—well it seemed to me that you called out," I mumbled awkwardly. "I thought perhaps you were in need of assistance. Are you sure there is nothing wrong?"

"Why I don't understand you," she replied. A mocking light came into her eyes. "Aren't you carrying the work of rescuing damsels in distress rather far?"

"Possibly," I said, feeling my ears begin to burn. I started to tell her that I had heard a man's voice in her room, but checked myself just in time.

"I am honestly sorry," I blurted. "Please do not be misled. If I had not been so certain that I heard you call, I assure you that I shouldn't have disturbed you."

"Quite so," she answered politely but apathetically.

Are you sure I can be of no assistance?" I queried doubtfully, desperate to leave so embarrassing a situation, yet not knowing exactly where to stop.

"Why of course," she answered. Ironically she added: "In case of fire I shall ring for you once. Two rings will mean that I am being attacked by burlars——"

This did not help to allay my embarassment. "I am sorry to have annoyed you," I said stiffly, and turning on my heel marched down the hall and flung myself out of the house. I shall never know to a certainty I suppose, but I could almost swear I heard sobbing as I left.

CHAPTER VII.
THE MAN WITH THE DOG.

I HAD boarded a street car and ridden to the end of the line. Thru residence districts, business districts, factory districts, and shanty towns I had ridden to the open country. Here I walked on and on without clearly knowing why or whither. Not to have implicated Janet with the Everett diamond now was a folly of which even I was incapable. Stolidly I tramped, still hearing her mocking voice and still feeling the mocking eyes upon me. What a sorry figure I must have cut!

It was perhaps half an hour after leaving the car that I first discovered I was being followed. I tried to vary my pace, first to outdistance my "shadow," who seemed to know his business, for I caught only occasional glimpses of him, and later slowing up, in an endeavor to make him overtake me. Finally, around a bend in the road I stopped short, turned about and retraced my steps as swiftly as I could.

I had walked back nearly a mile when I began to doubt that the man had been shadowing me. So far, I had seen no trace of him. The road was a white, straight, country turnpike, fringed by low, scrubby willows. It was intersected by frequent crossroads, and it seemed quite possible that the man, whatever might have been his business, had taken one of them. I determined to walk to the next one just to see if he had turned off there.

I had taken scarcely a dozen steps along the road when there was a growl behind me and a heavy body, hurtling thru the bushes which fringed the road, struck me in the back. Long arms wound about me from behind and pinioned my hands close to my side. I had not even cried out when another pair of arms reached about my throat and shut off my breath. I struggled for a few brief moments as the darkness of suffocation closed in on me. I shook myself and strained to break my elbows from the powerful arms that gripped them. I went mad with the desire to tear those clutching arms from my throat and breathe again the clean, wholesome air.

I could feel the blood pounding stronger and stronger behind my eyeballs. The darkness which walled me in was slashed and rent by bolts and spheres and pinwheels of whirling light.

Dimly, powerlessly, I felt that one of the arms which gripped my waist was relaxed. In a blurred way I realized that the arm had risen above me and that a hand, which seemed heavily ringed was moving swiftly toward me. The fireballs and pinwheels went out in one great burst of light and I knew no more. My last memory—and my first when I reawakened—was of a leering face and a great, snarling dog.

CHAPTER VIII.
SHOWDOWN.

THE jolting and swaying of an automobile over an uneven road registered itself upon my slowly returning consciousness. My next impression was of an intolerable thirst. I breathed with difficulty, what of my aching throat, a badly swollen tongue and a cloth that was drawn tightly over my lips. My wrists ached abominably, for they were tied tightly behind me, and each lurch of the car as I lay on the floor nearly wrenched my arms from their sockets. I tried to squirm to a sitting position, but a series of kicks served to remind me that for the present my role was going to be strictly inactive.

Down on the floor I was, I had no idea of the direction of the journey, nor of what sections of the country we passed thru. I could tell from the increasing frequency with which I heard the sound of street cars that we were back in the city, but to this day I have no idea where we stopped.

When I was dragged unceremoniously from the car I could see that we had stopped before a mean dwelling in a dirty square and that the boarded windows and general air of neglect about the house indicated that it was unoccupied.

I had little time for observation, however, for I was hurriedly dragged across the sidewalk and up a short flight of steps, into a dwelling. I heard a match scratching along the wall, saw the spurt of a blue flame and the answering hiss of a gas jet. I was hauled from the floor and roughly thrust into a rickety chair. Then I caught my first glimpse of my captors.

One was a squat, thick-set man, a soft hat pulled low over his eyes. His face had that peculiar fish-white unwholesome look which is termed prison pallor. It came to me hazily that I had

(Continued on Page 20.)

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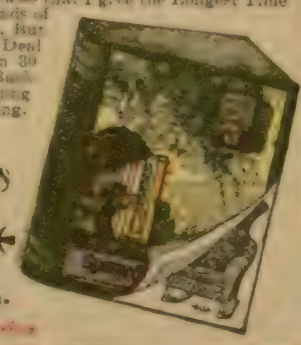

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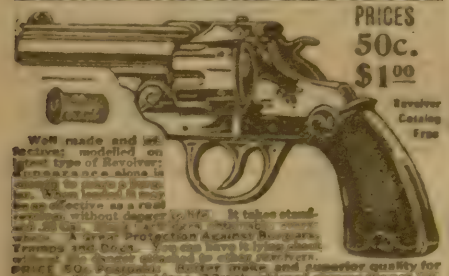

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The Affair of the Glenranald Bank

(Continued From Page 4)

else. "What is it you could hang the boss for, Fergy, old toucher?"

These delicate but cryptic sallies being ignored or parried, the heavy swamp of innuendo was invariably deserted for the breezy hilltop of plain speech, and Fergus had often work enough to put a guard upon hand and tongue. But his temperament was eminently self-contained, and on the whole he was an elusive target for the witticisms of his friends. There was no wit, however, and no attempt at it on the part of Donkin, the cantankerous cashier. He seldom addressed a word to Carrick, never a civil word, but more than once he treated his chief to a sarcastic remonstrance on his degrading familiarity with an underling. In such encounters the imperturable graybeard was well able to take care of himself, albeit he expressed to Fergus a regret that he had not exercised a little more ingenuity in the beginning.

"You should have come to me with a letter of introduction," said he.

"But who would have given me one?"

"I would, yon first night, and you'd have presented it next day in office hours," replied the manager. "But it's too late to think about it now, and in a few days Donkin may know the truth."

He might have known it already, but for one difficulty. They had digged their pit to the generous depth of eight feet, so that a tall prisoner could barely touch the trapdoor with extended fingertips; and Stingaree (whose latest performance was no longer the Yallarook affair) was of medium height, according to his police description. The trapdoor was a double one, which parted in the center with the deadly precision of the gallows floor. The difficulty was to make the flaps close automatically, with the mousetrap effect of Macbean's ambition. It was managed eventually by boring separate wells for a weight behind the hinges on either side. Copper wire running on minute pulleys let into grooves suspended these weights and connected them with flaps, and powerful door-springs supplemented the more elaborate contrivance. The lever controlling the whole was concealed under the counter, and reached by thrusting a foot thru a panel, which also opened inward on a spring.

It may be conceived that all this represented the midnight labors and the constant thought of many weeks. It was now the beginning of the cool but brilliant Riveria winter, and, despite the disparity in their years, the two Scotsmen were fast friends. They had worked together as one man, with the same patient passion for perfection, the same delight in detail for its own sake. Almost the only difference was that the old fellow refreshed his energies with the glass of whisky which was never far from his elbow after banking hours, while the young one cultivated the local excess of continual tea. And all this time the rascally Stingaree ranged the district, with or without his taciturn accomplice, covering great distances in fabulous time, lurking none knew where, and springing on the unwary in the last places in which his presence was suspected.

"But he has not yet robbed a bank, and we have our hopes," wrote Fergus to a faithful sister at Largs. "It may be for fear of the revolvers with which all the banks are provided now. Mr. Macbean has been practising with ours, and purposely put a bullet thru one of our back windows. The whole township has been chafing him about it, and the local paper has risen to a sarcastic paragraph, which is exactly what we wanted. The trap-door over the pit is now practically finished. It's too complicated to describe, but Stingaree has only to march into the bank and 'stick it up,' and the man behind the counter has only to touch a lever with his foot for the villain to disappear thru the floor into a prison it'll take him all his time to break. On Saturday the cashier and the clerk are coming to dinner, and before we sit down they are to be shown everything."

This was but a fraction of one of the long letters which Fergus dispatched by nearly every mail. Silent and self-contained as he was, he had one confidante at the opposite end of the earth, one escape-pipe in his pen. Not a word of the great secret had he even written to another soul. To his trusted sister he had never before been quite so communicative. His conscience pricked him as he took his letter to the post, and he had it registered on no other score.

On Saturday the bank closed at 1 o'clock; the staff were to return and dine at 7, the Queen's birthday falling on the same day for a sufficient pretext. As the hour approached Fergus made the distressing discovery that his friend and host had anticipated the festivities with too free a hand. Macbean was not drunk, but he was perceptibly blunted and blurred, and Fergus had never seen the pale eyes so watery or the black skullcap so much on one side of the venerable head. The lad was genuinely grieved. A whisky bottle stood empty on the laden board, and he had the temerity to pocket the corkscrew while Macbean was gone to his storeroom for another bottle. A solemn search ensued, and then Fergus was dispatched in haste for a new corkscrew.

"An' look slippy," said Macbean, "or we'll have old Donkin here before ye get back."

"Not for another three-quarters of an hour," remarked Fergus, looking at his watch.

"Any minute!" retorted Macbean, with a ribald epithet. "I invited Donkin, in confidence, to come a good half-hour airly, and I'll tell ye for why. Donkin must ken, but I'm none so sure o' yon other impident young squirt. His tongue's too long for his mouth. Donkin or I could always be behind the counter; anyway, I mean to take his opeenion before tellin' any other body."

Entertaining his own distrust of the vivacious Fowler, Fergus commended the decision, and so took his departure by the private entrance. It was near sundown; a fresh breeze blew along the hard road, puffing cloudlets of yellow sand into the rosy dusk. Fergus hurried till he was out of sight, and then idled shamelessly under trees. He was not going on for a new corkscrew. He was going back to confess boldly where he had found the old one. And the sight of Donkin in the distance sent him back in something of a hurry; it was quite enough to have to spend an evening with the cantankerous cashier.

The bank was practically at one end of the township as then laid out; two or three buildings there were further on, but they stood altogether aloof. The bank, for a bank, was sufficiently isolated, and Fergus could not but congratulate himself on the completion of its ingenious and unsuspected defenses. It only remained to keep the inventor reasonably sober for the evening, and thereafter to whistle or to pray for Stingaree. Meanwhile the present was no mean occasion, and Fergus was glad to see that Macbean had thrown open the official doors in his absence. They had often agreed that it would be worth all their labor to enlighten Donkin by letting the pit gape under his nose as he entered the bank. Fergus glanced over his shoulder, saw the other hurrying, and hurried himself in order to take up a good position for seeing the cashier's face. He was in the middle of the treacherous floor before he perceived that it was not Macbean in the half-light behind the counter, but a good-looking man whom he had never seen before.

"Didn't know I was invited, eh?" said the stranger, putting up a single eyeglass. "Don't believe it, perhaps? You'd better ask Mr. Macbean!"

And before it had occurred to him to stir from where he stood agape, the floor fell from under the feet of Fergus, his body lurched forward, and came down flat and heavy on the hard earth eight feet below. Not entirely stunned, tho shaken and hurt from head to heel, he was still collecting his senses when the pit blackened as the trapdoor shut in implicit obedience to its weights and springs. And in the clinging velvet darkness the young man heard a groan.

"Is that yoursel', Fergy?"

"And are you there, Mr. Macbean?"

"Mon, didn't it shut just fine!"

Curiously blended with the physical pain in the manager's voice was a sodden philosophic humor which maddened the younger man. Fergus swore where he lay writhing on his stomach. Macbean chuckled and groaned again.

"It's Stingaree," he said, drawing a breath thru his teeth.

"Of course it is."

"I never breathed it to a soul."

"No more did I."

Fergus spoke with ready confidence, and yet the words left something on his mind. It was something vague but haunting, something that made him feel instinctively unworthy of the kindly, uncomplaining tone which had annoyed him but a moment before.

"No bones broken, Fergy?"

"None that I know of."

"I doubt I've not been so lucky. I'm thinkin' it's a rib, by the way it hurts to breathe."

Fergus was already fumbling in his pocket. The matchbox opened with a click. The match scraped several times in vain. Then at last the scene sprang out as on the screen of a magic lantern.

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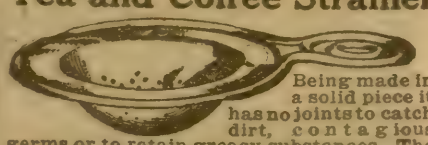

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And to Fergus it was a very white old man, hunched up against the muddy wall, with blood upon his naked scalp and beard, and both hands pressed to his side; to the old man, a muddy face stricken with horrified concern, and a match burning down between muddy fingers; but to both, such a new view and version of their precious hole that the corners of each mouth were twitching as the match was thrown away.

Fergus was fumbling for another when a step rang overhead; and at the sharp exchange of words which both underground expected. Fergus came on all fours to the old man's side, and together they sat gazing upward into the pall of impenetrable crape.

"You infernal villain!" they heard Donkin roar, and stamp his feet with such effect that the floor opened, and down thru the square of light came the cashier feet first.

"Heaven and hell!" he squealed but subsided unhurt on hands and knees as the flaps went up with such a snap that Macbean and Carrick nudged each other at the same moment. "Now, I know who you are!" the cashier raved. "Call yourself Stingaree! You're Fowler dressed up, and this is one of Macbean's putrid practical jokes. I saw his jackal hurrying in to say I was coming. By cripes! it takes a surgical operation to see their sort, I grant you."

There was a noise of subdued laughter overhead; even in the pit a dry chuckle came thru Macbean's set teeth.

"If it's practical joke o' mine, Donkin, it's recoiled on my own poor pate," said the old man. "I've a rib stove in, too, if that's any consolation to ye. It's Stingaree, my manny!"

"You're right, it is; it must be!" cried the cashier, finding his words in a torrent. "I was going to tell you. He's been at his game down South; stuck up our own mail again only yesterday, between this and Deniliquin, and got a fine haul of registered letters, so they say. But where the deuce are we? I never knew there was a cellar under here, let alone a trapdoor that might have been made for these villains."

"It was made for them," replied Macbean, after a pause; and in the dead dark he went on to relate the frank and humble history of the hole, from its inception to the crooked climax of that bitter house. A braver confession Fergus had never heard; its philosophic flow was unruffled by the more and more scornful interjections of the ungenerous cashier; and yet his younger countryman, who might have been proud of him, hardly listened to a word utter by Macbean.

Half a dozen fallen from the lips of Donkin had lightened young Carrick's darkness with consuming fires of shame. "A fine haul of registered letters"—among others his own last letter to his sister! So it was he who had done it all; and he had perjured himself to his benefactor, beside betraying him. He sat in the dark between fire and ice, chiefly wondering how he could soonest win thru the trapdoor and earn a bullet in his brain.

"The spree tonight," concluded Macbean, whose fall completely sobered him, "was for the express purpose of expounding the trap to you, and I asked you airly to take your advice. I was no so sure about young Fowler, whether we need tell him or no. He has an awful long tongue; but I'm thinkin' there's a longer if I knew where to look for it."

"I could tell you where," rasped Donkin. "But, go on."

"I was watching old Hannah putting her feenishing touches to the table, and waiting for Fergus Carrick to come back, when I thought I heard him behind me and you with him. But it was Stingaree and his mate, and the two of us were covered with revolvers like young rifles. Hannah they told to go on with what she was doing, as they were mighty hungry, and I advised her to do as she was bid. The brute with the beard has charge of her. Stingaree himself drove me into the middle of my own trapdoor, made me give up my keys, and then went behind the counter and did the trick. He'd got it all down on paper, the Lord alone knows how."

"Oh, you Scotchmen!" cried the pleasant cashier. "Talk of your land of cakes! You take every cake in the land between you!"

It seemed he had been filling his pipe while he listened and prepared this pretty speech. Now he struck a match, and with the flame to the bowl saw Fergus for the first time. The cashier held the match on high.

"You here all the while?" he cried. "No wonder you lay low, Carrick; no wonder I didn't hear your voice."

"What do you mean by that?" growled Fergus, in fierce heat and fierce satisfaction.

"Surely, Mr. Macbean, you aren't wondering who wagged the long tongue now?"

"Yon mean that I wagged mine? And it's a lie!" said Fergus, hoarsely; he was sitting up on his heels, poised to spring.

"I mean that if Mr. Macbean had listened to me two months ago we should none of us be in this hole now."

"Then, my faith, you're in a worse one than you think!" cried Fergus, and fell upon his traducer as the match went out. "Take that, and that, and that!" he ground out thru his teeth, as he sent the cashier over on his back and pounded the earth with his skull. Luckily the first was soft and the second hard, so that the man was more outraged than hurt when circumstances which they might have followed created a diversion.

In his turn the lively Fowler had marched whistling into the bank, had ceased whistling to swear down the barrel of a cocked revolver, and met a quicker fate than his comrades by impressing the bushranger as the most dangerous man of the quartet. Unfortunately for him, his fate was still further differentiated from theirs. Fowler's feet glanced off Carrick's back, and he plugged ed into the well head-first, rolling over like a stone as the wooden jaws above closed greedily upon the light of day.

Fergus at once struck matches, and in their light the cashier took the insensible head upon his knees and glared at his enemy as if from sanctuary of the Red Cross. But Fergus returned to Macbean's side.

"I never said a word to living soul," he muttered. "It has come out some other way."

"Of course it has," said the old manager, with the same telltale inhalation thru the teeth. Fergus felt worse than ever. He groped for the bald head and found it cold and dank. In an instant he was clamoring under the trapdoor, leaping up and striking it with his fist.

"What do you want?"

"Whisky. Some of us are hurt."

"God help you if it's any hanky-panky!"

"It's none. Something to drink, and something to drink it in, or there's blood upon your head!"

Clanking steps departed and returned.

"Stand by to catch, below there!"

And Fergus stood by, expecting to see a long barrel with a bottle and glass that Donkin must fall on first, but Stingaree had crept away unheard, and he pressed the lever just enough to let glass and bottle tumble thru.

Time passed; it might have been an hour. The huddled heap that was Macbean breathed forth relief. The head

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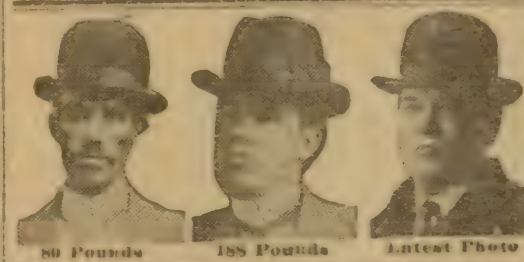

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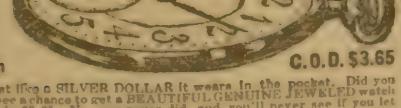

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Almost like a SILVER DOLLAR it wears in the pocket. Did you ever see a chance to get a BEAUTIFUL GENUINE JEWELED watch for only $3.65. No, you never did, and you'll never see if you let this opportunity go. Men's and boys' size; solid silveroid case. Guaranteed not to be rebuilt.

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POWERFUL AIR GUN AND 500 BUCK SHOTS

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on Donkin's knees moved from side to side with groans. Donkin himself thanked Fergus for his ration; he who served it out alone went thirsty. "Wait till I earn some," he said bitterly to himself. "I could finish the lot if I started now." But the others never dreamed that he was waiting, and he lied about it to Macbean.

Now that they sat in silence no sound escaped them overhead. They heard Stingaree and his mate sit down to a feast which Macbean described with groaning modesty as the best that he could do.

"There's no soup," he whispered, "but there's a bar'l of oysters fetched up on purpose by the coach. I hope they havena missed the Chablis. They may as well do the thing complete." In a little the champagne popped. "Dry Monopole!" moaned the manager, near to tears. "It came up along with the oysters. Oh, sirs, oh sirs, but this is is hard on us all! Now they're at the turkey—and I chopped the stuffing with my ain twa han's!"

They were at the turkey a long time. Another cork popped; but the familiar tread of deaf Hannah was heard no more, and at length they called her.

"Mother!" roared a mouth that was full.

"Old lady!" cried the gallant Stingaree.

"She's 'ard of 'earing, mate."

"She might still hear you, Howie."

And the chairs rasped backward over bare boards as one; at the same instant Fergus leaped to his feet in the earthly Tartarus his own hands had dug.

"I do believe she's done a bolt!" he gasped, "and got clean away!"

Curses overheard confirmed the supposition. Clanking feet hunted the premises at a run. In a minute the curses were renewed and multiplied, yet muffled, as tho there was some fresh cause for them which the prisoners need not know. Hannah had not been found. Yet some disturbing discovery had undoubtedly been made. Doors were banged and bolted. A gunshot came faint but staccato from the outer world. A real report echoed thru the bank.

"A siege!" cried Fergus, striking a match to dance by. "The old heroine has fetched the police, and these beauties are in a trap."

'And what about us?" demanded the cashier.

"Shut up and listen!" retorted Fergus, without ceremony. Macbean was leaning forward, with bald head on one side and hollowed palm at the upper ear. Even the stunned man had recovered sufficiently to raise himself on one elbow and gaze overhead as Fergus struck match after match. The villains were having an altercation on the very trapdoor.

"Now's the time to cut and run—now or never."

"Very well, you do so. I'm going thru the safe."

"You should ha' done that first."

"Better late than not at all."

"You can't stop and do it without me."

"Oh, yes, I can. I'll call for a volunteer from below. You show them your spurs and save your skin."

"Oh, I'll stay, curse you, I'll stay!"

"And I'll have my volunteer, whether you stay or not."

The pair had scarcely parted when the trapdoor opened slowly and stayed open for the first time. The banking chamber was but dimly lit, and the light in the pit less than it had been during the brief burning of single matches. No peering face was revealed to those below, but the voice of Stingaree came rich and crisp from behind the counter.

"Your old woman has got away to the police-barracks and the place is surrounded. One of you has got to come up and help, and help fair, or go to hell with a bullet in his heart. I give you one minute to choose your man."

But in one second the man had chosen himself. Without a word, or a glance at any of his companions, but with a face burning with extracrdinary fires, Fergus Carrick sprang for the clean edge of the trapdoor, caught it first with one hand and then with both, drew himself up like the gymnast he had been at his Scottish school, and found himself closed under him on the release of the lever which Stingaree understood so well. A yell of execration followed him into the upper air. And Stingaree was across the counter before his new ally had picked himself up.

"That's because this was expected of me," said Fergus, grimly, to explain the cashier's reiterated anathemas. "I was the writer of the registered letter that's led to all this. So now I'm going the whole hog."

And the blue eyes boiled in his brick-red face.

"You mean that? No nonsense?"

"You shall see."

"I should shoot you like a native cat."

"You couldn't do me a better turn."

"Right! Swear on your knees that you won't use it against me or my mate, and I'll trust you with this revolver. You may fire as high as you please, but they must think we're three instead of two."

Fergus took the oath in fierce earnest upon his knees, was handed the weapon belonging to the bank, and posted in his own bedroom window at the rear of the building. The front was secure enough with the shutters and bolts of the official fortress. It was to the back premises that the attack confined itself, making all use of the admirable cover afforded by the stables.

Carrick saw heads and shoulders hunched to aim over stable-doors as he obeyed his orders and kept his oath. His high fire drew a deadlier upon himself; a stream of lead from a Winchester whistled into the room past his ear and over his ducked head. He tried firing from the floor without showing his face. The Winchester let him alone; in a sudden sickness he sprang up to see if anything hung sprawling over the stable-door, and was in time to see men in retreat to right and left, the white pugarees of the police fluttering ingloriously among them. Only one was left upon the ground, and he could sit up to nurse a knee.

Fergus sighed relief as he sought Stingaree, and found him with a comical face before the open safe.

"House full of paltry paper!" said he. "I suppose it's the old sportman's custom to get rid of most of his heavy metal before closing on Saturdays?"

Fergus said it was; he had himself stowed many a strong-box aboard unsuspected barges for Echuca.

"Well, now's our time to leave you," continued Stingaree. "If I'm not mistaken, their flight is simply for the moment, and in two or three more they'll be back to batter in the bank shutters. I wonder what they think we've done with our horses? I'll bet they've looked everywhere but in the larder next the kitchen door—not that we ever let them get so close. But my mate's in there now, mounted and waiting, and I shall have to leave you."

"But I was coming with you, cried Fergus, aghast.

Stingaree's eyeglass dangled on its cord.

"I'm afraid I must trouble you to step into that safe instead," said he, smiling.

"Man, I mean it! You think I don't. I've fought on your side of my own free will. How can I live that down? It's the only side for me for the rest of time!"

"The fixed eyeglass covered the brick-red face with the molten eyes.

"I believe you do mean it."

"You shall shoot me if I don't."

"I most certainly should. But my mate Howie has his obvious limitations. I've long wanted a drop of new blood. Barmaid's thorobred and strong as an elephant; we're neither of us heavyweights; by the powers, I'll trust you, and you shall ride behind!"

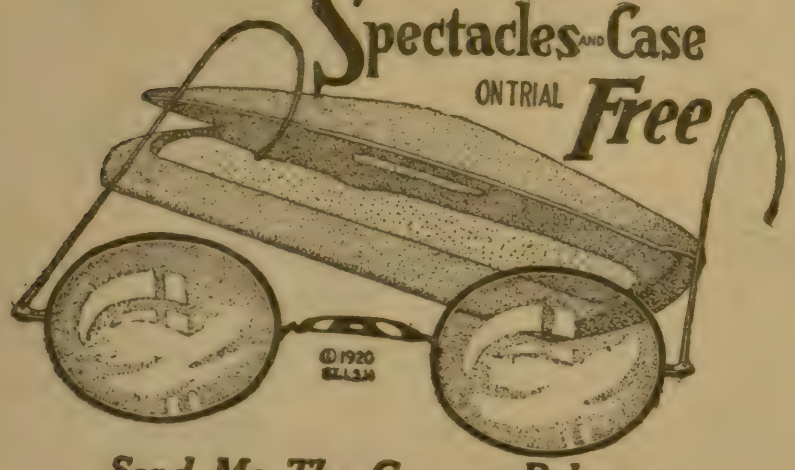
Now, Barmaid was the milk-white mare that was only less notorious than her lawless rider. It was noised in travelers' huts and around camp-fires that she would do more at her master's word than had been known of horse outside a circus. It was the one touch that Stingaree had borrowed from a more Napoleonic but incomparably coarser and crueller knight of the bush. In all other respects the fin-de-siecle desperado was unique. It was a stroke of luck, however, that there happened to be an old white mare in the bank stables, which the police had impounded with solemn care while turning every other animal adrift. And so it fell out that not a shot followed the mounted bushrangers into the night, and that long before the bank shutters were battered in the flying trio were miles away.

Fergus flew like a runaway bride, his arms about the belted waist of Stingaree. Trees loomed ahead and flew past by the clump under a wonderful wide sky of scintillating stars. The broad bush track had very soon been deserted at a tangent; thru ridges and billows of salt-bush and cotton-bush they sailed with the swift confidence of a well-handled clipper before the wind. Stingaree was the leader four miles out of five, but in the fifth his mate Howie would gallop ahead, and anon they would come on him dismounted at a wire fence, with the wires strapped down and his horse tethered to one of the posts till he had led Barmaid over.

It was thus they careered across the vast chessboard of the fenced back-blocks at dead of night. Stingaree and Fergus sat saddle and bareback without a break until near dawn their pioneer spurred forward yet again and was swallowed in a steely haze. It was cold as a sharp spring night in England. But

Send No Money

Spectacles and Case ON TRIAL Free



Send Me The Coupon Below You'll Get Them At Once

THIS is a straight-from-the-shoulder proposition that every man and woman should take advantage of right this very minute.

I am putting on the market a Spectacle that can't be beat, and I am going to prove it to you. NO! better still, I am going to let you be the judge and prove it to yourself without costing you a cent, so let you and I get together on this proposition.

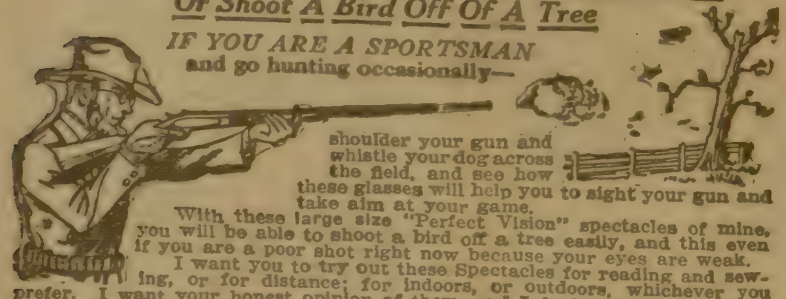
Answer me this simple question: If you needed a horse, a dog, or a cow, and a man came to you and said I have a good horse I want to trade, and to prove he is a good horse you can try him for a week or ten days, and if you don't care for him, return him to me. Wouldn't you think that square? Or, if your wife was offered a stove or some other article that she needed, with the full understanding that there wasn't a cent to pay; she could just use it for ten days, and then if she was not perfectly satisfied, all she had to do was return it. Wouldn't you consider that honest and square, and wouldn't you grab it? You bet you would, and I don't blame you. Now to get back to my spectacle proposition. This is exactly what I am going to do.

You Must Not Send Me One Penny

I am going to send you a pair of my 10-Karat Gold-Filled "Perfect Vision" large size spectacles complete in a handsome velteen-lined pocketbook spectacle-case for you to use fully ten days without it costing you a cent, and I don't even want a reference.

As soon as you get them I want you to see how easily you will be able to read the finest print, thread the smallest-eyed needle, even in your sewing machine, and sew by day or night without any eye pain or eye strain, and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your younger days.

They Will Enable You To Read The Finest Print Or Shoot A Bird Off Of A Tree



IF YOU ARE A SPORTSMAN
and go hunting occasionally—

shoulder your gun and whistle your dog across the field, and see how these glasses will help you to sight your gun and take aim at your game.

With these large size "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine, you will be able to shoot a bird off a tree easily, and this even if you are a poor shot right now because your eyes are weak.

I want you to try out these Spectacles for reading and sewing, or for distance: for indoors, or outdoors, whichever you prefer. I want your honest opinion of them, and I don't want you to keep them unless they positively fit you better than any you have ever had before, and you can honestly tell me so. That is why

I Will Send Them To You Free

You may think I am bluffing. Perhaps I haven't convinced you these Gold-Filled "Perfect Vision" glasses of mine are as good as I claim them to be, but you can easily take a chance and make me prove my words. I don't want you to send me a cent. So you have nothing to lose.

Sit down right now—this very minute—and fill out the below coupon at once; let Uncle Sam deliver into your own hands, at your own door, a pair of my 10-Karat Gold-Filled "Perfect Vision" large size Spectacles, in a handsome velteen-lined Pocket-book Spectacle case, for you to try fully ten days absolutely free of charge. Fill in this coupon and mail it to me at once.

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 33, ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this coupon, which entitles me, by return mail, to a pair of your 10-Karat Gold-Filled Perfect-Vision Spectacles, complete, also a fine leatherette, velteen-lined, pocketbook spectacle case, without cost to me, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test. This free trial is not to cost me one penny, and if I like the glasses and keep them, I am to pay you $2.15 only—no more and no less. But if, for any reason whatsoever, I don't wish to keep them (and I, myself, am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them, as you agreed in the above advertisement to send them on ten days' absolute free trial. With this understanding I mail you this certificate, and it is agreed that you will stick to your word and I will stick to mine.

Don't fail to answer the following questions:

How old are you?.....How many years have you used glasses (if any?).....

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The invisible ear drum invented by A. O. Leonard, which is a miniature megaphone, fitting inside the ear entirely out of sight, is restoring the hearing of hundreds of people in New York City. Mr. Leonard invented this drum to relieve himself of deafness and head noises, and it does this so successfully that no one could tell he is a deaf man. It is effective when deafness is caused by catarrh or by perforated, or wholly destroyed natural drums. A request for information to A. O. Leonard, Suite 116, 70 Fifth avenue, New York City, will be given prompt reply.—Advertisement.

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The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

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LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa. —Adv.

for a mile or more Fergus had clung on with but one arm round the bushranger's waist; now the right arm came stealing back; felt something cold for the fraction of a second, and plucked prodigiously; and in another fraction an icy ring mouthed Stingaree's neck.

"Pull up," said Fergus, hoarsely, "or your brains go flying."

"Little traitor!" whispered the other, with an imprecation that froze the blood.

"I am no traitor. I swore I wouldn't abuse the revolver you gave me, and it's been in my pocket all the night."

"The other's unloaded."

"You wouldn't sit so quiet if it were. Now, round we go, and back on our tracks full split. It's getting light, and we shall see them plain. If you vary a yard either way, or if your mate catches us, out go your brains."

The bushranger obeyed without a word. Fergus was almost unnerved by the incredible ease of his conquest over so redoubtable a ruffian. His stolid Scottish blood stood by him; but still he made grim apology as they rode.

"I had to do it. It was thru me you got to know. I had to live that down; this was the only way."

"You have spirit. If you would still be my mate——"

"Your mate! I mean this to be the making of me as an honest man. Here's the fence. I give you two minutes to strap it down and get us over."

Stingaree slid tamely to the ground.

"Don't you dare to get thru those wires! Strap it from this side with your belt, and strap it quick!"

And the bushranger obeyed with the same sensible docility, but with his back turned, so that Fergus could not see face; and it was light enough to see faces now; yet Barmaid refused the visible wires, as she had not refused them all that night of indigo starlight.

"Coax her, man!" cried Fergus, in the saddle now, and urging the mare with his heels. So Stingaree whispered in the mare's ear; and with that the strapped wires flew under his captor's nose, as the rider took the fence, but not the horse.

At a single syllable the milk-white mare had gone on her knees, like devout lady in holy fame; and as she rose, her last rider lay senseless at her master's feet; but whether from his fall, or from a blow dealt him in the act of falling, the unhappy Fergus never knew. Indeed, knowledge for him was at an end until matches burnt under his nose awakened him to a position of the last humiliation. His throat and chin topped a fence-post, the weight of his body was on chin and throat, while wrists and muscles were lashed at full stretch to the wires on either side.

"Now I'm going to shoot you like a dog," said Stingaree. He drew the revolver whose muzzle had pressed into his own neck so short a time before. Yet now it was broad daylight, and the sun coming up in the bound youth's eyes for the last time.

"Shoot away!" he croaked, raising the top of his head to speak at all. "I gave you leave before we started. Shoot away!"

"At ten paces," said Stingaree, stepping them. "That, I think, is fair."

"Perfectly," replied Fergus. "But be kind enough to make this so-called man of yours hold his foul tongue till I'm out of earshot of you all."

Huge Howie had muttered little enough for him, but to that little Stingaree put an instantaneous stop.

"He's a dog, to be shot like a dog, but too good a dog for you to blackguard!" cried he. "Any message, young fellow?"

"Not thru you."

"So long, then!"

"Shoot away!"

The long barrel was poised as steadily as a field-gun on its carriage. Fergus kept his blue eyes on the gleaming ring of the muzzle.

The hammer fell, the cartridge cracked, and from the lifted muzzle a tiny cloud flowed like a bubble from a pipe. The post quivered under Carrick's chin, and a splinter flew up and down before his eyes. But that was all.

"Aim longer," said he. "Get it over this shot."

"I'll try."

But the same thing happened again.

"Come nearer," sneered Fergus.

And Stingaree strode forward with an oath.

"I was going to give you six of them. But you're a braver man than I thought. And that's the lot."

The bound youth's livid face turned redder than the red dawn.

"Shoot me—shoot!" he shouted, like a lunatic.

"No, I shall not. I never meant to—I did mean you to sit out six—but you're the most gallant little idiot I've ever struck. Besides, you come from the old country, like myself!"

And a sigh floated into the keen morning air as he looked his last upon the lad thru the celebrated monocle.

"Then I'll shoot myself when I'm free," sobbed Fergus thru his teeth.

"Oh, no, you won't," were Stingaree's last words. "You'll find it's not a bit worth while."

And when the mounted police and others from Glenranald discovered the trussed youngster, not an hour later, they took the same tone. And one and all stopped and stooped to peer at the two bulletholes in the post, and at something underneath them, before cutting poor Fergus down.

Then they propped him up to read with his own eyes the nailed legend which first helped Fergus Carrick to live down the indiscretion of his letter to Largs, and then did more for him in that colony than letter from Queen Victoria to His Excellency of New South Wales. For it ran:

> This is the gamest little cock I have ever struck. He had me captive once, could have shot me over and over again, and all but took me alive. More power to him!
>
> STINGAREE.

—

Sounds incredible, perhaps, but Stingaree the outlaw turns Stingaree the policeman for a few short hours. But that's in the next Stingaree story, which appears next week. Don't miss it. It will be on page 12, and, like this one you have just read, it will be complete in itself.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The World's Oldest Alibi.

"WE MISS our estimable landlady," began the observant boarder. "She is not here."

"Ma has a splitting headache," explained the landlady's daughter.

"There is no such thing as a headache," declared the up-to-date boarder.

"Where do you get that stuff?" demanded the argumentative boarder.

"It is not stuff. It is a fact," insisted the enthusiastic boarder. "There is really no such thing as sickness."

"That is very important if true," said the practical boarder. "But I'm agin that general line of argument! We can't possibly get along without sickness, and particularly headaches. They are the best and only really good and sufficient alibis.

"A man who has forgotten to mail a letter or bring home the bacon and eggs has had a bad headache all day. A girl who is invited to a dance and has no beau to take her and no clothes to wear has to have sick headache as an excuse for not going.

"You can pull sickness on your cousins from Kalamazoo, if necessary. Pretty howdy-do when they put an end to all that! Fine business if the cousins can yank your wife out of bed and send her to the kitchen to hit up the range and the pots and pans with a no-such-thing-as-sickness demonstration!

"Sickness! The schoolboy's only friend! Friend of the man who is to make a speech and has cold feet! Why, the world would be intolerable with sickness abolished and no longer accepted as complete alibi and justification and exoneration!

"To be sick is the ancient prerogative of the person who wishes to avoid going any place, seeing anybody or doing anything. A man has a right to retire into his sickroom as a baron into his castle, and no one can legally or ethically trespass within his sovereign domain.

"The right to be sick and have things brought to you instead or having to chase them is one of the rare privileges of human experience——"

"As a matter of fact," interrupted the statistical boarder, "there were 835 men who married nurses last year, and if sickness is abolished a lot of eligible bachelors and nurses will lose all chance for matrimony. Moreover, no doctor ever marries a woman who isn't a customer of his. No doctor ever marries outside his patrons. And what rising young doctor would marry an abolitionist of sickness?"

"Well, who wants to marry a doctor, anyway?" inquired the landlady's daughter.

"Or a man with too many headaches?" added the pretty teacher.

"Or with a digestive apparatus inferior to an ostrich?" added the landlady herself, who had just entered the room, having decided not to be sick, after all.

A HOME-MADE GRAY HAIR REMEDY

You Can Make a Better Gray Hair Remedy Than You Can Buy.

Gray, streaked or faded hair is not only unbecoming, but unnecessary.

Any one can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost, or the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

FREE A Whole Family Meal of SKINNER'S Macaroni

FREE—one package of your favorite SKINNER'S Macaroni, Spaghetti or Egg Noodles. Tear off the coupon, take it to your grocer, buy one package and he will give you another free. If he will not supply you write us, giving his name and address.

One package of SKINNER'S Macaroni Products should make a full meal for the average family.

If at any time you do not find the superiority of SKINNER'S immediately noticeable return the empty package to your grocer and he will refund your money.

Hundreds of appetizing dishes can be prepared from SKINNER'S Macaroni Products. Write us for our 48-page book of recipes, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover postage.

Unfortunately there are grocers that do not handle quality merchandise, because the wholesale price is higher than on goods made up of cheap raw material under unsanitary conditions.

Demand SKINNER'S Macarani Products for your family's sake. REFUSE TO USE MACARONI THAT COOKS UP MUSHY AND DOES NOT HAVE A REAL FLAVOR, EVEN IF YOU HAVE TO CHANGE YOUR GROCER.

Just tear off the coupon that appears below. It's "legal tender" at any store—will buy you one package of SKINNER'S Macaroni Products if you buy another. You get two packages for only 10 cents by presenting *this Free 10-cent coupon.*

10¢

BUY ONE OF THESE

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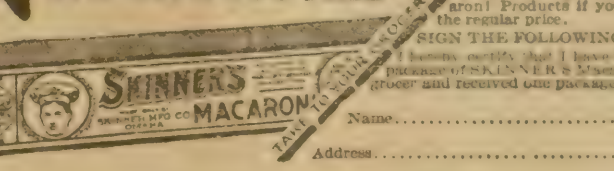

NOTICE TO GROCERS

This coupon, signed by your customer, will be redeemed at 10 cents in cash. Return coupon direct to Skinner Manufacturing Company, Omaha, U. S. A. If you do not have our full line stocked send us name of your jobber.

NOTICE TO PURCHASER

Coupon, if presented within 30 days, good for one package of SKINNER'S Macaroni Products if you purchase another at the regular price.

SIGN THE FOLLOWING:

I hereby certify that I have this day purchased one package of SKINNER'S Macaroni Products from my grocer and received one package free.

Name.....

Address.....

$1.00 DOWN

Brings You the Famous "Winter King" 16in. Men's High Cut Shoe

Just send the coupon and $1.00 for this splendid high cut shoe on approval. Money back if you say so. Price has been in cut in half.

16-Inch *All Solid pliable high-grade chrome tan leather*

1/2 Price

16 inches tall. Every inch selected, softest, pliable, tough, storm proof, solid dark chrome tan leather. The best wearing leather in the world and at the same time pliable and easy on the feet. Full oak tanned double soles. Solid leather heels. Bellows tongue, same superb quality tan leather. Full vamp, runs all the way under toe cap. Leather counters. Leather insole. Back seam reinforced. Two straps and buckles. Positively the best shoe in the world for work or hunting.

Sizes 6 to 11. Order by No. S-20. Be sure to give your size. $1.00 *cash,* $1.50 *monthly. Total* $9.95.

6 Months to Pay

Learn to buy the Elmer Richards way as thousands of men are doing. 5 cents a day brings these shoes. Don't miss this cut price sale.

Biggest Bargain of the Year

This shoe is a regular $20.00 value sold to you at half price. Don't be too late. The stock is limited. Send the coupon now with a dollar bill or a $1.00 P. O. order. Order Now!

Cut Price Coupon →

Send Coupon

Elmer Richards Co., Dept. 3841 West 35th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: I enclose $1.00. Please send Men's 16-Inch High Cut Shoe No S-20. Size.....
If I am not satisfied when I receive the shoes, I can return them, and get payment back with charges. Otherwise, I will pay advertised terms $1.00 with coupon, $1.50 monthly. Total price, $9.95.

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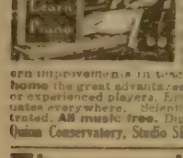

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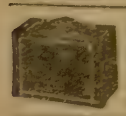

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The Battle of the Giants

(Continued From Page 6)

his face had softened, and seemed almost sweet, as men's faces go. The hard lines at the eyes had softened, and the saturine creases of his forehead had deepened until they were almost austere.

This was partly the result of the conflict within him, partly from his newfound love, and in some measure due to an intense admiration of Mrs. Halden and the softening influence she had upon him.

"How old do you think I am?" he asked Elsa one day, abruptly.

"Why, I don't know—you are so different from ordinary men—you might be anything from 27 to 40."

"Wrong! All wrong—I'll be just 1,000 years old when I go to sleep tonight." Elsa looked for a smile, but he was not smiling.

"You must be related to Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew," she said laughing, but his face was sober and thoughtful.

"Yes—yes, I think I must be."

Only occasionally did he give her glimpses into a past that from the variety of his experiences and the richness of his association, must have been full indeed. At these times she felt very young and unlearned and a little uneasy, she did not know why. Possibly the next thing he would say would be something boyish, or youthfully cynical, and she would laugh and feel reassured. That he had not known many women, or known them very well, she recognized with a sense of relief, for until he forgot himself in conversation he was reserved and reticent—she had an impression of awkwardness, tho he was marvelously efficient with his body.

With her he was quite open and ingenuous, except that he never gave her any idea of his position in the world. As an individual she knew him thoroly, better than any one, possibly, but as part of a society she did not know him at all, and it was this ignorance which piqued her.

She thought that if she could play the right music and have him beside her, she could learn anything from him, for she was not slow in realizing the intoxicating effect that melody had upon him. He had almost opium sleeps from some quiet composition, his eyes wide open, but his mind visioning dreamily in the recesses of his skull. Then she would play some wild, fiercely energetic harmony or unharmony—the ever popular Rhapsody of Biskt, an air from La Tosca or Faust, and coming to his bedside a few minutes later would find him with sparkling eyes, flushed cheeks, and his fist tightly clinched on the coverlet.

He grew to know her, as much as he would ever know her. "Analytically, he catalogued her as an inexperienced girl of marvelous purity, something more than average intelligence and something less than genius, with excellent taste in music and a tolerable reading acquaintance. Unanalytically, he knew her as an angel.

A surprising thing about her was her ability to follow his vagaries, to show no astonishment when he made a sudden and brusque transition from cabbages to kings. At first he supposed that this was merely her tribute to what she supposed were sick man's fancies, but later it seemed to him that their thoughts ran together, not with regard to depth or altitude, but subject to the same sudden leaps and throwbacks.

There was a peacefulness and calm certitude in her voice and words quite foreign to his nature: they would have been appropriate if she had affected common sense—a popular name for brute materialism—but there was too much fire in her for that. Her eyes might sparkle, but there was a quality to her voice which indicated cool, objective judgment, whether objective judgment were present or not.

"Were you ever thoroly frightened, or thoroly angry, in your life?" he asked abruptly one day.

"Oh, I suppose when I was a little girl, many times. Why, were you?"

Steel laughed. "My whole life has been a series of being thoroly frightened, thoroly angry, or thoroly happy. You should see me when I am Berserker; I feel five inches taller and fifty pounds heavier, and I haven't any sense at all."

Rather unflatteringly, she nodded. "Yes, you would be like that. Only I don't think you have been often frightened."

"Oftener than you or any one imagines. When men live the rough life—I mean that most men are oftener frightened than they ever let any one know. I think they are naturally abject cowards, but of course, it isn't necessary to display it, and we don't."

"What in the world would you be afraid of?"

"I? You say that most pleasingly, but the sad fact is that there are a great many things I am afraid of. For example, the other night I was so horribly frightened—there were two men fighting evidently to the death. I didn't know which was the attacked and which the assailant, and I might have been killed if I had made a mistake. Life is valuable to me—I should not like to be killed. But, as the story books say, 'I seen my duty an' I done it.'"

"Father says he has never seen the man you need be afraid of."

"An overestimate, I'm afraid. I was lucky, that's all. And like all men, I'm a frightful coward at heart."

"But think of what I should have done."

"You! You would have known which was the murderer at first glance—even in the dark, and you would have told him to stop, then he would have stopped."

"Really, Mr. Steel——"

Steel laughed. "Oh, I know." Then as he caught a questioning, doubtful glance, he turned whimsical, he was afraid he had said too much. "Of course, he would probably have started again immediately, but that wasn't mentioned."

Elsa bent her mouth into a little pout. "Now I don't know whether to be angry because you flattered me, or because you spoiled it all. You are such a puzzling sort of person."

Steel was delighted. "Puzzling?: Why, I suppose all people are puzzling, aren't they?"

"There, that's frightfully trite; and as a matter of fact, they aren't." Take the Slovaks in father's mine—you know their deepest thought is about supper, their highest ambition a new raise in pay, their nature unimaginative and dull. Even the better of them have no further dream than making a certain sum of money and going back to the 'old country' to vegetate. They don't have any ideals that I ever heard of, and they flock to the Reds or anything that promises returns without effort——"

"Did your father ever say anything like that to you, Miss Halden?" Steel was smiling a sarcastic little smile, and glancing at him, Elsa laughed.

"Yes, I guess I'm just reading you one of his lectures—but it's true, just the same. I know some of them and I've done a little slumming among the women. Really, you can't know——"

"No? I lived in one of those little garlicky shacks, full of squalling brats, all of one summer, and worked in the mines with the men of the house. Not here, in Pennsylvania. Really, leaving them was one of the most difficult partings I have ever had, and I didn't mind the garlic at all when I kissed the little duffers good-by. I think I should have had to kiss the men, too, but I didn't wait. That's what you miss, being the boss' daughter—I don't mean kissing the men—but getting almost as intimate human contacts with those 'people without imagination or ambition.' I admit readily that they are in some cases debased and bestialized out of human nature—and there are Americans—the purest-blooded Anglo-Saxon Americans—who are the same way. If you ever go to the Blue Ridge Mountains or down

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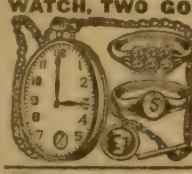

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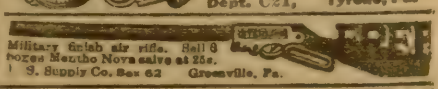

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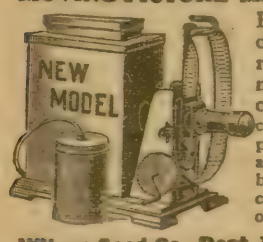

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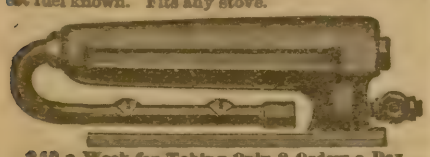

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among the po' white trash on the Arkansaw-Missouri border, you'll see them. I spent—but I didn't mean to deliver a lecture."

"Is there any place you haven't been, Mr. Steel?" There was a little sarcasm in Elsa's voice, but Steel answered gravely.

"I've never been outside the United States, Miss Halden."

"You don't know how comforting it is to hear you say that. I had about decided that you were the Wandering Jew, after all."

Halden considered, smiling. "I don't think the unfortunate shoemaker of Jerusalem pursues his travels quite so energetically as I have followed mine."

The door opened and Halden entered the room. "You'd better start getting well, Steel, there are going to be big doings next week, and I think we can use you."

Steel looked up clamly into the tense face of the old fighter.

"Then you are going to get strike-breakers—you're going to scab it?"

Halden was astonished. "How did you know what I was talking about—if it isn't a secret?"

"It isn't a secret," Steel said slowly, "I simply keep my eyes open, and I know that your pulse wouldn't be making what it is if you were referring to the tea party of the Ladies' Aid next week. Also, I've been rather expecting this—tho I hoped it wouldn't come. I think it's a mistake, Mr. Halden."

"Fight fire with fire," Halden said coldly.

"Yes, and you're trying to fight it with kerosene."

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE Missabe House there was a tension which was at least better than the dull hopelessness which had gradually settled upon the men. Dame Ingeborg, forewarned by the experience of other years, had a supply of bandages and lint stored up—Paul Dubbel, a strike-time policeman, and O'Hare had quit the company with the arrival of the "hard-boiled eggs" in box cars one morning. O'Hare had done more than was expected of him and made an unpleasant contrast with Steel who had been one of them, and now remained in the boss' camp.

There was no question as to what effect the strikebreakers would have upon the men—the scabs must not be allowed to work. The spring was just coming in, and with it, victory, which they certainly would not permit to be tamely taken from them by the unshaven army that had invaded the Range. The Unionists had foresworn violence and sabotage, but the strikebreakers forced them, if not to destruction of property, at least to more energetic measures than mere passivity. On the whole, men whose nerves had been wracked by long weeks of waiting were glad that the struggle had resolved itself into one where tangible victories could be gained, where bone and muscle gave respite to patience and tensed inactivity.

The strikebreaker is a queer animal. Of necessity, they are without ideals and not respected by their own allies and employers. Their enemies hate them and their co-workers despise them. Halden was employing them for the first time in a career filled with the struggles of the growing class-consciousness. They are simply for sale.

"How do they look, O'Hare?" Chief Firewater asked the policeman on the morning of the strikebreakers' arrival.

"Well, you won't scare them with a war-whoop, Chief. They're an ungodly hard crew—penitentiary rats and gangsters from Chi. Some big birds, too, but none we can't handle, I guess.",

"I hope they have some my size." The Indian did not have the failing of excessive modesty.

"Don't worry. There's some that will do more than tickle you, red man. I think we'll leave them to Dubbel."

Chief Firewater subsided, for the Austrian who weighed a quarter of a thousand pounds was his one respect in the fighting line. Steel had been, but it was not Chief Firewater's way to pay respect to an enemy.

"How many did they bring in?"

"Only a few this first load, Paul, but I suppose there'll be more this evening. They've turned three of the company buildings into barracks, so there must be a hundred at least."

Dubbel looked at his hands ruminatively. "I'm afraid I'm going to have trouble with my knuckles," he mused.

O'Hare grinned in a manner that would have made an alligator jealous. "It's good to have something like that to worry about, isn't it, old man?"

"Do you think there'll be any gun play?"

"No, I give Halden proper respect—he's a fighter, not a butcher or a murderer. He won't expect us to come with guns, and I think he'll not let his mercenaries use firearms."

Chief Firewater broke in quietly. "Did you ever think of what's going to happen when the Reds go up to the Tunapik with their gats?"

O'Hare's jaw dropped. "Now by God! Those dirty—we'll stay away when they're fighting their dirty fights."

"Will we? And what if they don't stay away when we're fighting ours? Also, we can't fight the roughnecks and the Reds both."

"I wonder if Halden thought of that?"

"It's a chance either way. He was pretty desperate, and on the face of it this isn't a really dirty move. He's pretty keen and would follow most of the consequences of it, all right. Still, I hate to think of it of him."

There was a long silence, which Chief Firewater suddenly broke with, "What are you thinking, Mike?"

The two men looked at each other keenly. "The same thing you are, Chief—that there is one man who could take the generalship of this fight and win—who would know what to do with the Reds—and that man's a traitor."

"Not a traitor, Mike; he never said he was with us."

"He's either a traitor now, or he was a spy before. You can take your choice—I don't want him either way."

"God! Why couldn't he have been straight? He's the one man—and he's on the other side."

"What makes you think so?" a gentle voice asked from the doorway. O'Hare turned his head and jumped from his chair.

"What in hell are you doing here, Steel?"

It looks as if we here have a hero who can take care of himself in all kinds of trouble, and just now there appears to be plenty of trouble ahead for all factions in the present dispute over higher wages and better working conditions. Which side will Steel take in the great fight about to begin? Bet you'll want next week's Ledger. Who and what is Steel? Can you guess?

* * *

At the Wrong End.

THE ceremony was over and the happy couple were receiving the clergyman's blessing. First of all he said a few cheering words to the bride, which brought tears to her eyes; then he turned to the bridegroom to give him a few words to set him out on the new path in life he had chosen.

"Now, my son," he said, "you have come to the end of all your troubles."

A few months passed and the man met the clergyman again.

Overcoming his feelings, the man managed to gulp out:

"I thought you told me at my wedding I had come to the end of all my troubles?"

The clergman smiled. "My friend," he beamed, "I did not tell you which end."

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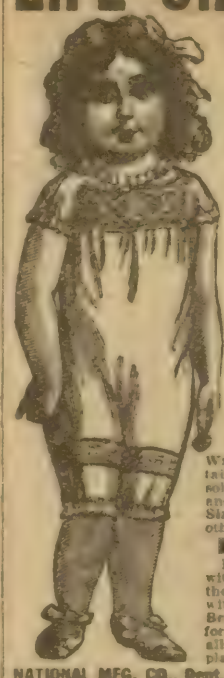

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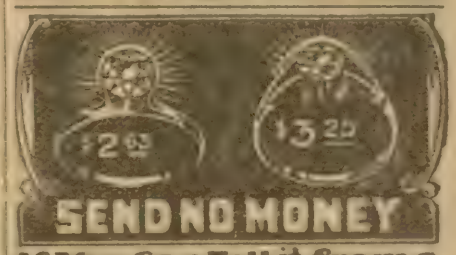

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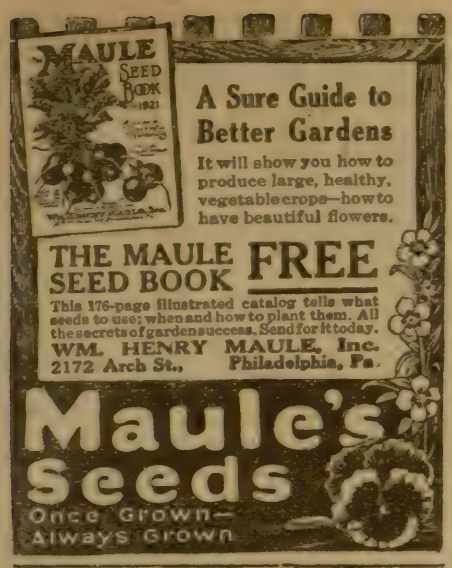
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The House in the Mist

(Continued From Page 12)

seen him before, and as I noted the huge bulldog that fawned at his feet I knew where. The other man was Higgins.

Recognition meant nothing to me for my faculties, unaccustomed to chokings and blows on the head, were dull. Silently, but with businesslike thoroness, the two searched me from the lining of my hat to the soles of my shoes. Trusting only to gain time, I feigned unconsciousness without any clear notion of how this would be of any advantage to me. Finally Higgins spoke.

"All I can swear is that it ain't in his room," he said.

"Yah," snarled the other—The Man-With-the-Dog. "I'm a simp for trustin' a fathead like you to frisk his room. You couldn't find a haystack in an alley."

"Whaddyamean?" was the indignant retort. "I guess you're not such a wise guy yourself.

"Who lifted the rock in the first place? —I did! Who lost it? You! I gotta picture of myself pullin' any such boner as that." They had finished searching me by this time.

"Shut yer mouth!" snapped the Dog-man. "It isn't on him—that's one cinch. And if it isn't in his room and isn't on him it's a cinch he knows where it is."

A light seemed to burst upon my clouded senses. Evidently this precious pair of rascals did not have the diamond. That seemed certain.

Higgins approached me.

"The less trouble you make about this the better," he said ominously. "I'm not strong for this torture stuff, but I'm not going thru Hell to get that stone, only to have you get away with it."

As he spoke he fumbled with the knot which bound the gag over my face. The dog, growling ominously, crept toward us.

Higgins turned with an oath and kicked the dog viciously. Barking furiously, the huge beast flung itself at him.

"Look out, you fool," cried the owner of the dog, grabbing the brute by the collar just in time. "Do you want to get yourself killed off?" He bore down on the dog with all his weight. The dog struggled furiously to get at Higgins, who shrank back into a corner.

"You ought to shoot the brute, Rocco," he answered. "I'm liable to do it myself on one of these occasions."

ROCCO had no chance to reply. Dragging the snarling, snapping dog, whose slavered lips were drawn back to the red gums from which the yellow fangs gleamed ominously, Rocco opened the door to an adjoining room, thrust in the dog and slammed the door shut. Even as it closed we heard the thump of a heavy body as the beast had thrown itself bodily against the flimsy barrier. The door shook crazily in its warped frame under the impact.

Rocco turned to Higgins.

"Looka here, you," he growled, "You aint goin' to shoot nobody's dog. The next time you kick him, I'm gonna stand off and watch him tear you apart. Get me?"

Higgins passed an unsteady hand over his dry lips.

"Why can't you keep him out of the way, then?" he complained. "I'm afraid of the brute and you know it. I'll just naturally have to kill him off if you don't, and that's final."

"Final's good," snapped Rocco. "This is the last job I work with you on. After this I'm gonna work with somebody that don't fall for hop till his nerves can't stand hearing a dog sniff. You got the rock an' I lost it—but I aint the guy got us into this mess. You knew where it was an' couldn't get a hand on it. Now it's up to you to find the thing an' get us out of this."

Higgins walked over until he stood in front of my chair. I had been careful not to move and still lay with my head lolling back as if I were only partly conscious. In reality I had been busy, and had succeeded in loosening, to a considerable extent, the thongs which bound my wrists. Higgins seized me by the shoulder and jerked me upright.

"No shamming now," he commanded sharply. "We're in no mood to be trifled with." He whipped off the cloth which had been tied over my lips. "Now, then, Mr. James Bradshaw, what have you done with the diamond?"

"I haven't got it," I replied.

"I know you haven't. I want to know where you've put it."

"Suppose I don't choose to tell?"

"There are ways of making you tell," he replied lighting a cigarette. "For instance, what would you think of this as a persuader?"

He pressed the glowing end of the cigarette lightly against the back of my hand. I winced and only half suppressed an exclamation of pain. He grinned wickedly at my distress.

"I should say," I managed to remark between set teeth, "that your argument has much point."

"I'm glad to see that you're going to be sensible. You won't gain anything by trying to put us off. Now where is the diamond?"

"In my turn, I am glad to say that I don't know."

"None of that now. You had it—I know that much. What did you do with it?"

Personally I suspected Rocco. I imagined that he had double-crossed his partner—in other words that he had stolen the diamond from me and wanted to make Higgins believe that I still had it in my possession in order to make away with all the loot instead of a share of it.

"Yes I had it," I told Higgins. "But some one took it from my room last night."

"What's that?" he asked sharply. He turned on Rocco in a flash. "Rocco, if you've been trying to slip anything over ——"

Evidently there was not need to finish the threat.

"Wasn't you with me all the time last night?" demanded Rocco. "And aint he just said he had it last night? Where'd I have a chance to get away with it? You tell me that."

I saw at once that in my effort to start them quarreling between themselves, I had overplayed my hand. But I was equally puzzled by the intrusion of a fourth person into our little drama. Some one certainly had stolen the diamond. Evidently neither Rocco nor Higgins had done so, for their surprise at hearing that I had been robbed of it was too genuine to be mistaken.

"He's lying," said Higgins. "He knows where it is."

"Gentlemen," I began, "I assure you ——"

"Shut up. We'll see how long you'll keep on assuring us." I had loosened my bonds until I could move my wrists and I worked desperately to get my hands free. I had no mind to let these villians torture me. But I was securely fastened. Higgins drew up a chair and sat down facing me.

"Now, Mr. Bradshaw," he said evilly, "for the last time—where is the diamond?"

I felt that I must do something—anything—to gain time. Give me time enough to slip my hands free from these bonds and I would guarantee that the game these rascals proposed to play would not be one-sided.

"If I tell you where it is," I began, "what guarantee have I that you will not simply walk off and leave me here?"

"Aha!" exclaimed Higgins triumphantly. "So you know where it is?"

Stealthily but with feverish haste I worked at the ropes which secured my wrists.

"Perhaps," I replied. "At the same time doesn't it strike you that perhaps I might want some compensation for the trouble I've taken?"

"No it doesn't. You're not in a position to make terms. Either you tell where the diamond is, or"—he held up the lighted end of his cigarette—"how close to your eyeballs would you like to have that?"

"No closer than at present, I admit. But you are mistaken about my ability to make terms.

"If you wish to exchange possession of the Everett diamond for the satisfaction of putting out my eyes, that is your business. Suppose I refuse to tell you where to find the stone. You torture me. Good. But in that event I promise that you'll never see the diamond again. On the other hand, I might—mind I make no promises—I might tell you where to find what you're after if it were made worth my while. Of course, if you insist that I have no terms to make which will attract you . . ." I shrugged my shoulders with what must have been poorly feigned indifference, but the movement loosened my fetters.

"What's the trouble?" Rocco interupted. "Git a move on, Higgins. I ain't so crazy about all this noise of shooting off your month without gettin' nowheres. I guess what that rock'll bring 'll stand another cut for Bradshaw."

"Wait a minute," said Higgins and they drew apart to consult. I suppressed an exclamation of delight, for I had worked off the thongs on my wrists, and my arms, thank heavens, were free. At least if it came to torture I should not be the only victim.

"By George," suddenly shouted Higgins. "I've got it! Jane's nabbed the rock. Gosh, what fools we were!"

My heart sank. Whether or not Janet "had the rock," evidently she was on terms of intimacy with these crooks. I remembered with a pang our encounter in the park with the Man-with-the-Dog and the fact that I had heard a voice remarkably like Rocco from behind the door of Janet's room.

Higgins turned mockingly toward me.

"You can keep your terms, friend," he said. "I believe we can recover our—ahem—property, without your undoubtedly valuable but expensive assistance. In case my present hunch goes wrong, perhaps I may turn to you for help."

"Aw, can that chatter," protested Rocco. "If Jane's got that chunk of ice, d'ye think she'll pass it out to you with a happy smile? Nix. She won't never give it up."

"Won't she?" snarled Higgins viciously. He had reached the door by this time, and laid his hand on the knob. "You keep your eye on our mutual friend, Mr. Bradshaw, Rocco, while I pay Janet a call. Perhaps she, too, can be persuaded." He opened the door and was gone before I could even gasp.

SICKENING visions of that scoundrel waving the tip of a lighted cigarette before Janet's eyes stunned me for a moment. Then I leaped into action. I left my chair with a bound and flung myself straight at Rocco, who was guarding the door. Taking him unawares I had a tremendous advantage, which was fortunate, for the man was as powerful as a bull and as sinewy as an ape.

We struggled silently. Neither of us cared to waste breath on words. Early in the scramble I wrapped my left arm around his short neck and hung on des-

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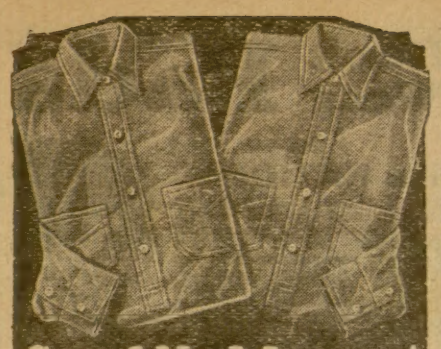

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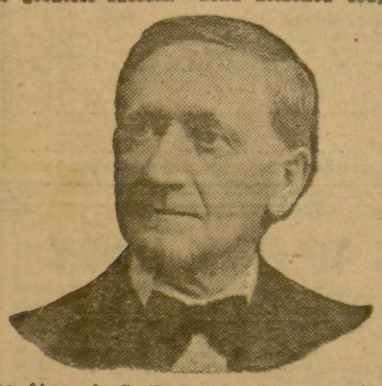

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perately. This pinioned his right arm to his body but left the other arm free.

There came a shattering of glass in the room into which he had thrust the dog. He did not seem to have heard it.

This was no scientific boxing contest. There was no referee and no fouls were called. We tripped over a chair and rolled onto the floor. This loosened my hold and gave the advantage to Rocco. Striking, clawing and kicking we fought on the floor and Rocco's greater strength and weight told in his favor. He pinned me down finally with my back on the floor. I could feel his great hands fumbling for my throat as he straddled over me. I remembered the despised "mucker" trick of my football days and raised my knee swiftly with all the force I could muster. The blow caught him squarely in the groin and with an agonized moan he dropped on his face and rolled about in pain.

I was wild to be off to Mrs. Brennan's, where Janet might even then be cowering under Higgins' threats. But I determined first to gag Rocco in order to make my exit unnoticed. I bound him with the thongs that had held my arms a few moments before, then darted for the door thru which I had seen Higgins disappear.

I stopped short, gazing down the steps in horror. Higgins lay sprawled at the foot of the staircase. The steel jaws of Rocco's bulldog were locked in his throat.

The dog must have dived thru the window of the room in which he had been imprisoned—and an old score was paid.

CHAPTER IX.
OUT-MANEUVERED.

THE shock at the horrible sight made me suddenly aware that my negotiations with the estimable Rocco were not half completed. I threw the door open wide and dragged him, trussed up like a mummy, to where he could look down on the scene at the bottom of the steps.

"Call off the dog," I commanded, as I loosened the gag.

His cruel lips curled into a fiendish grin.

"He's got what's comin' to him," he snarled. "He kicked the dog an' the dog's payin' him back."

This was a brand of brutality I had hardly expected to find, even in a human animal of the Rocco type. For a moment I stood dazed.

"Then," I said, "I shall have to shoot the beast."

Immediately, despite a torrent of curses and threats, I set about doing what I should have done in the first place—searched his pocket for weapons. I relieved him of a long knife and an automatic revolver.

"You kill that dog and I'll shoot you on sight, you——" he roared.

"You open your mouth," I retorted, "and I'll make a good job of it by killing two dogs."

I ran down the stairs, held the revolver close to the bulldog's ribs and fired.

Higgins was past all help when I finally got the brute's jaws pried loose from his throat—I did not need the evidence of his silent heart to tell me that.

However, I was in nowise disposed to leave the body there at the foot of the steps. I carried it back to the room where I had left Rocco. I made a second trip after the carcass of the dog and dropped the dead brute beside its victim. I intended that the evidence as found by the police or coroner's physician, should tell the story without any help from Rocco. I had no mind to be mixed up in it.

I went over the man's bonds to make sure that he had loosened none of them, fastened the gag in his mouth again and quit the house.

It was dark in the street—the early gloom of an evening which threatened rain. I had dimculty finding my bearings. This was the city no doubt—a warehouse stood empty and silent across the street, a deserted factory beside it. What had once been a livery stable leaned its rotten walls against the wretched cottage I had just left. A block or so down the street to my left, an arc-light disclosed in a wide fan of gleaming ribbons a railroad switch-yard.

It came to me that I was in the graveyard of a departed mill district purchased by the railroad for a future expansion of the yards; such sections are common enough in every large city.

How to get out of it was a more serious problem. I could hope for no help in the railroad yards. Chasing after switch engines and moving box cars to inquire one's directions did not seem to hold out much hope of success. So I turned to my right, noting the name "Warren Storeage Company," in faded letters over the door of the warehouse as I passed it.

I do not know how far I walked before I came to signs of human habitation.

Whatever influence had closed the factories and boarded the windows on the shacks that clustered about them, this was indeed a deserted village—the most lonesome spot I have ever been in. I grinned as I thought that very likley the vote from these empty houses carried one of the city's wards election after election for some popular boss. Presently, I knew, I should come to a saloon, the political headquarters of the district. And I did.

It was as different from the average city saloon as one could hope to find in a year's travel, a dingy hovel, no larger than a real estate office, cobwebbed and dirty and presided over by an ancient who looked as tho he had been selected to match the other equipment.

I bought some liquor which I wisely refrained from drinking, despite the havoc the day's events had wrought with my nerves. I did not trust the good intentions of whisky inhabiting such a place as this, altho it was the time of "honest liquors at low prices."

So I left the stuff untasted on the grimy bar and stepped over to the telephone. I told the police that a man had been chewed by a bulldog in a shack opposite the old Warren warehouse and hung up before they could demand any details. Then I demanded of the bartender directions as to the nearest route back to town.

"They aint no car line less'n two miles," he commented, "An' they aint no road fer them two miles. Yuh just gotta start acrosst the fields here an' trust tuh luck."

I followed his directions without delay.

I WAS somewhat puzzled by the recollection that several times after my abduction, the automobile carrying me to the house opposite the Warren warehouse had come close to street cars. That could be easily explained, however, by the supposition that I had been brought all the way across the city. The isolation

SEND NO MONEY

New $1.98 Pants

Guaranteed $6.00 Value or Money Back

Made to Your Order

New wholesale tailoring house makes this sensational introductory offer—**good for 30 days only.** Perfect fitting excellent wearing pants of fine quality weave Worsted, guaranteed $6.00 pre-war value or MONEY BACK. Any style or size, no extra charges. Parcel Post or Express PREPAID. Write today for 60 cloth samples **Free.** One pair to a customer **$1.98**

Agents Wanted EARN **Big Money**

Send orders for your relatives, friends and neighbors. Nice easy spare time work that pays you $20 to $40 a week. Send us your name today. Handsome cloth sample outfit and full information in first mail. Free. Write today.

STRAND TAILORING COMPANY
Baltimore, Md. Dept. 126

NU-GAS

AGENTS

$1.00 Worth of NU-GAS Equals $6.00 Worth of Gasoline

Sell this wonderful chemical. Guaranteed to save *one-third* gasoline and *eliminates carbon.* Make $60 to $200 weekly, 300 per cent profit. Exclusive territory.

$1.00 PACKAGE FREE

Send no money—just name and address. We'll mail you TWO $1.00 packages. Pay mailman $1.00 on delivery (giving you $1 worth FREE). If not satisfied, the dollar refunded.

NU-GAS CO., 5650-A W. Lake St., Chicago

Crooked Spines Made Straight

If you are suffering from any form of spinal trouble you can be relieved—and **probably wholly overcome** your affliction—right in your own home without pain or discomfort. A wonderful anatomical appliance has been invented by a man who cured himself of Spinal Curvature. Its results are marvelous. It is nature's own method. Eminent physicians are endorsing it. The Philo Burt Method relieves the pressure at the affected parts of the spine, the whole spine is invigorated and strengthened, all soreness is taken out of the back, the cartilage between the vertibræ is made to expand, the contracted muscles are relaxed, and the spine is straightened. There is bright hope for you, no matter how long you have suffered. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union. Each appliance is made to order from individual measurements and fits perfectly. There is positively no inconvenience in wearing. **We guarantee satisfaction and let you use it 30 days.** Write today for our new book. It gives full information and testimonials.

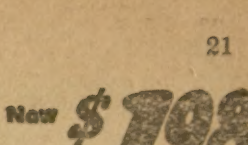
PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 331-1 Odd Fellows' Bldg., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

BRAND NEW FORD TOURING CAR GIVEN

7	5	20	20	8
9	19	3	1	18

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE. WIN FINE PRIZE

The figures in the squares represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B, 3 is C, and so on. The ten figures spell three words. Send the three words on a slip of paper with your name and address quick if you want to win. I have given away many Autos and scores of other prizes. My plan is so simple it is easy to win prizes and cash rewards.



Thousands of Dollars in Other Grand Prizes and Cash Rewards

Besides the New Ford Car I am going to give away Superb Cabinet Phonograph, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Kodaks, Traveling Bag, Chest of Silverware, Dinner Set and **Cash Rewards.** No experience is required. You don't put up a penny or do any hard work. Just an opportunity to realize your ambition to have an Automobile all your own and a chance to get it in the easiest way imaginable. Don't let anyone in your neighborhood beat you to it. The quicker you act, the bigger your winnings. Send me your answer to the puzzle with your name and address, without delay. **DUANE W. GAYLORD, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 15, CHICAGO, ILL.**

Who Do I Give These Cars To? YOU?

February 26, 1921

I am going to give away

Two More Automobiles

I have been giving away automobiles for a long time. Now I'm going to give away two more. Send me the coupon down in the corner and I'll tell you about it. The Ford Sedan I am going to give away is the latest 1921 model, fully equipped with electric starter and lights, demountable rims, tire carrier, and sliding plate glass windows in doors and sides. I am going to deliver it at someone's door without its costing them a cent.

Don't you want to get it? Send me the coupon and I'll tell you how. The other car I shall give away is a 1921 model Ford Touring Car, also fully equipped. Would you rather have it? As soon as I receive the coupon I'll send you full details of my offer. Besides the two cars, I'm going to give away the other rewards listed below. Surely there is something in that list you want.

MAIL THE COUPON FOR FULL DETAILS

Mail me the coupon now, today. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Just as soon as I receive it I'll mail you full details of my plan, my Auto book which gives full description of both the cars, and a surprise that will help you to become the owner of one of these splendid rewards. Mail the coupon—you can not know all the features of my plan unless you do.

Don't send me any money—not even a postage stamp, but mail the coupon before you forget it.

$1800 in Rewards

$795 Ford Sedan
$810 Ford Touring Car
$300 Piano or Motorcycle
$100 Diamond Ring
$75 Victor Victrola
$50 Elgin Gold Watch
$25 Eastman Kodak

Rewards duplicated in case of tie

SEND NO MONEY

Cut out and mail —Do it now

The Reward Man
Box 1632
Philadelphia Pa.

The Reward Man, Box 1632, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me full information about the automobiles you are giving away. The signing of this coupon does not obligate me in any way. 150

Name.....

P. O.....

State..... R. F. D..... Box.....

of the spot where I had been finally unloaded was sufficiently well adapted to their purpose to make the long journey worth while. And I might have continued in this supposition as I staggered across the uneven prairie, had not my thoughts been interrupted by the sweep of a beam of light across the cloudy sky. Instantly I guessed the cause. An automobile was climbing over a slight rise not far behind me. As I watched, the light shifted downward and disclosed a road some hundred yards to my right. I had been traveling parallel to it and might have gone on indefinitely without discovering it.

A few seconds later I was over the fence and in another minute had caught onto the rear of an automobile van and was on my way toward the lights that proclaimed the city's business district. Luck had favored me. There was no doubting that the old bartender had intended to delay my progress as much as possible. It was quite believable that he knew all the secrets of the house where I had left Rocco—even that he was one of the gang. But whatever his standing in the community he had lost the first trick.

The truck turned into a garage shortly after we clattered over the numerous switches in front of a car-barn. But I was not discouraged at this turn of affairs.

This was a populated district. There was a picture show on one corner and a chop suey restaurant on another. Altho I did not recognize my surroundings I knew well enough the general character of the spot. It was one of those sections designed to be the bedrooms of a city—staid, sedate, decorous communities that some how or other never stay put. Here in the midst of righteousness, I did not doubt, would be many of the cabarets that served as a daily target for reform in the public prints.

I was not at all disturbed by this. It meant that car service to the city would be better. Even unrighteousness has its uses at times.

Some three minutes after I had dropped from the end of the truck, I was aboard a street car bound for Mrs. Brennan's establishment, six miles to the south.

I was congratulating myself upon my success in a very hazardous adventure, when I was startled by the sound of an automobile destroying linear geography just behind the street car and making all the noise of heavy artillery in action, in an attempt to pass.

It did pass—at a speed which belied its touring body and gewgaw trapping. In the instant that it remained abreast of the window by which I was sitting, I got a good look at it and went cold all over. It was the car from which I had been taken to the house where I had left Rocco, bound. Rocco was no longer where I had placed him. He was in the seat of the motor-car beside the driver, urging him to a swifter pace.

With Higgins and the chief crook's savage bulldog well out of the story, according to the tragic incidents that have been described in the foregoing installment, the recovery of the missing Everett diamond now becomes an exciting two-handed battle between our hero and the desperate Rocco, with the fate of the girl, Janet, hanging in the balance. Who is this mysterious Janet? Bet you'd like to know. Perhaps the next installment will tell. Don't miss it.

* * *

There's More in the Paper Than News.

(Concluded From Page 2.)

about which a comedy drama could almost be written. Some luckless individual is stocked up on chicken farms and is unloading on the market! The equation seems to be: One chicken farm plus one chicken farm plus one chicken farm for one thriving business, one home and one means of conveyance in the big, turdulent and roaring metropolis. Would it do, we wonder, if we offer him an editorial job for one of the chicken farms?

And now in the Automobiles For Sale, carefully omitting from our Editor's Talk the name of the machine, lest the advertising manager, our proofreaders and our managing editor all throw a conniption fit, we find at the top of the ads:

> FOR SALE: $10 TAKES WHAT'S left of my 1920 Palmer, four-seated touring car that went over Lake Bluff Saturday, near Wilmette. Will separate for match factory and junkshop at $5 apiece. John T. Kincaid, Lake Bluff.

And yet readers have to turn to the humor page for a smile. Mr. Kincaid is a good loser, we'll say, and when next we strike a match we suppose we shall be wondering if the fragments of Mr. Kincaid's Palmer are not lighting up the recesses of our dark closet while we hunt our Sunday pants.

As we said, you'll find a dozen dramas hidden away in the classified ads, a hundred mysteries, a hundred tragedies, a hundred comedies. Try it sometime.

The Editor

* * *

A Try for Extra Money.

"BELIEVE me, kid," said Gertie with emphasis as she dabbed at her nose with a powder puff, preparatory to adjusting her operator's headpiece, "this stuff about earnin' a little extra money outside o' hours don't go for me any more. It costs too much."

"You been tryin' to sell suburban sand lots to helpless an' unsophisticated flat dwellers?" queried Mame.

Gertie shook her head.

"Little fool that I was," she snorted. "I spotted a nice-appearin' notice which wanted girls evenin's to dance the modern dances an' give practice to a bunch o' amatoors at a school.

"Says I to myself. "Gertie Sullivan, there's the job f'r you. You're a bug on dancin'. Think o' passin' the evenin' leanin' your locks on some tall guy's manly chest while he waltzes you round and round and round to the tune o' 75 cents an hour. It's a lead pipe cinch.'

"So I drops around to the dancin' academy. The professor grinned pleased like an' shook hands.

"'You'll find the pupils inside the large hall,' he says.

"In I went. When I looked over the would-be dancers I got my first jolt. The only tall one was sa tall he looked like a lamp-post an' I was afraid that if he made a misstep I might stab my face on his elbow.

"Then a guy that looked like a prize fighter, but proved to be a plumber tryin' to spend some of his surplus wealth acquirin' a social polish, comes over an' bows like he'd learned the trick out of a red-covered book on parlor manners.

"'May I have the pleasure?' says he.

"'You may,' says I, an' then to myself, 'You ain't quite so hopeless as yon human gee-raffe, anyhow.'

"The next minute I wished I hadn't said either. One o' his dainty No. 12s comes down like a ton o' brick on my new dancin' pumps.

"'Oh, lord,' he exclaims, 'I mean, I beg your pardon.'

"'Don't mention it,' says I, bein' strong on the quick comeback, 'only if I had such dainty little toys as that an' they got in my way I'd pick up my feet an' put 'em in my pocket. Why don't you try it?"

"'You mean?' he asks.

"'That I'm a cripple for life, I'm thinkin'.'

"'Don't be a quitter,' he says. 'It's agony for me, too.'

"That bein' the case, I'll stand it as long as I can,' I grins. 'I want to see you suffer.'

"So, kiddoo, I dragged that hunk o' humanity around the floor for two solid hours that night. In return the manager hands me a dollar and a half.

"'Comin' back?' he asks.

"'With a twelve buck pair o' shoes ruined, two new corns started an' a big bruise on my instep?' says I. 'Not much. The recreation's too expensive.'"

"I should say it was," observed Mame as Gertie stopped to catch her breath. "You must 'a' dropped at least ten bucks if you shoes were ruined. It was a wasted evenin' for sure."

"Well, not exactly," mused the veteran of the dancing school as she lifted a plug on the hotel switchboard. "The plumber asked me to go to a dinner an' a swell show tonight after I'm thru. Which sort o' offsets the deficit."

* * *

Why Not?

"HUBBY, here's a dog store."

"Well?"

"I want a Peke."

"I don't mind indulging you to that extent. Take a good look."

Don't Wear Pads

Use

The NATIONAL

and enlarge your busts to their natural size and beauty.

The National is the special Developer Dr. C. S. Carr formerly recommended in the Physical Culture Magazine, as the only safe, reliable Method known for enlarging the bust in a natural way. Of this method Dr. Carr said: "Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

Valuable Book FREE

If you want a beautiful, plump, full bust, write for our valuable book on bust development, containing the article by Dr. Carr, in which he tells specifically the causes of non-development and how the bust may be developed harmlessly to its most beautiful proportions. Sent free to every woman in need of development. If you wish book sent sealed, enclose 6c. postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B, Clarinda, Iowa

A Woman's Message to Women:

TRADE MARK

COSMOPOLIS, WASH.

"Three years ago I was sick from a severe pelvic trouble, for which I had an operation, but was not relieved of my suffering, and was told nothing more could be done to improve my condition. My husband found your ad. in the paper and ordered a sample, and upon receiving it, immediately bought a full course of your Opaline Treatment, which I used as directed, and I am a well woman today. I certainly do recommend your treatment very highly for I positively know what it will do, and hope others will see as I do." MRS. C. A. ARONSON.

R. F. D. No. 3, BATAVIA, N. Y.

"I am sending for your Opaline Treatment for my daughter, as I have used it myself and know what it will do. I was a terrible sufferer from female disorders, ulceration and weakening drains, and dragged around for two years. Then I used your treatment, and at the end o two months I was perfectly healed and have never been troubled since, so I can't praise your medicine enough Use my name if it will help anyone else to get well, and I know it will if they use it rightly." MRS. H. S. PARKER.

Only A Woman Knows A Woman's Trials and Understands Her Need of Sympathy and Help

That is why hundreds of women gladly testify to the value of **Mrs. Summers'** popular **Opaline Home Treatment** in relieving so much of the misery and suffering known only to womankind. **READER,** if you are troubled with some of those special ailments of women—

SEND FOR A FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

with illustrated, descriptive copy of *"Women's Own Medical Adviser."* **Test Mrs. Summers Opaline Remedy for yourself,** in your home, without the knowledge or aid of anyone. You can then continue if you wish, at about **12c. a week.** For twenty-five years women reported it satisfactory, and often superior to vegetable tonics and compounds. Used by old and young and does not interfere with daily work. Write in confidence, as your letter is opened, read and answered by a woman. For the **Free Trial,** address

THE SUMMERS MEDICAL CO., Women's Dept. 99 **South Bend, Ind.**

(Mrs. Summers' Remedies Are Sold At Leading Drug Stores.)

Get a New Ford FREE

Mail Coupon Now —Today! Sure!

Don't let this offer I am making you get past—it's the greatest ever. Let me give you a latest model, electrically equipped **Ford without a single dollar of cost** like we have to scores of others—a car you won't have to pay for—**not even the freight**—I'll pay that, too. Get the coupon in the mail right now—that's the very thing to do if you want a dandy Ford Touring Car. Don't wait a minute. You should have a beautiful car of your very own and **you now can.** Why deprive yourself a day longer of the many pleasures and comforts you can get out of owning your own shiny new Ford when you can get it now—without having to pay a dollar for it.

Latest Model Electric Lights and Starter

USE THIS COUPON

Send it to me right away or just a post card with your name and address will do—a letter isn't even necessary. I've a car for you—a dandy Ford Touring Car awaits you. You might never have such an opportunity, so write at once. Get a car without a Single Dollar of Cost.

G. WOODS, Mgr., Topeka, Kansas

G. WOODS, Mgr., 103 Capital Bldg., Topeka, Kansas

Dear Sir: I want a latest model Ford Touring Car without a single dollar of cost. Signing this coupon does not obligate me to pay a cent—not even the freight.

Name .....

Address .....

A Great Discovery

Swollen hands, ankles, feet are due to a dropsical condition, often caused by disordered kidneys. Naturally when the kidneys are deranged the blood is filled with poisonous waste matter, which settles in the feet, ankles and wrists.

As a remedy for those easily recognized symptoms of inflammation caused by uric acid—as scalding urine, backache and frequent urination, as well as sediment in the urine, or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gout, it is simply wonderful how quickly "An-uric" (anti-uric acid) acts; the pains and stiffness usually disappear.

"Anuric" is the discovery of Dr. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y.

Step into any drug store and ask for a package of "Anuric," which is many times more potent than lithia.

ECZEMA

Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, Etc.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Remember, I make this broad statement after putting ten years of my time on this one disease and handling in the meantime a quarter of a million cases of this dreadful disease. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY, I will send you a **FREE TRIAL** of my mild soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it and you will see. I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 1417 Court Blk., Sedalia, Mo.

References:—Third National Bank, Sadalia, Mo.

Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

Wrist Watch Given

You can get this fine Wrist Watch or other beautiful watch guaranteed for 5 years. Also Lace Curtains, Rogers' Silver Sets, fine Lockets, La Vallieres and many other valuable presents for selling our beautiful Art and Religious pictures at 10 cts. each. Order 20 pictures when sold, send the $2.00 and choose premium wanted, according to big list. **RAY ART CO., Dept. 17. CHICAGO.**

WANTED—30,000 BOYS TO MAKE MONEY

WE HAVE 30,000 boys who sell our great papers—The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. Thousands of them earn from $1.00 to $5.00 a week. People in every town and R. F. D. know our great papers and we have received thousands of letters from people asking the name of the local agent so they could buy the papers from them. We want 30,000 more agents, so that there will be an agent in every town and R. F. D. route, and to get them we have a wonderful new plan which gives our agents cash profits on every paper they sell and

VALUABLE PREMIUMS FREE In addition to big profits on every paper you sell we give you valuable premiums free. When you start we send you a premium catalog from which you can select the premiums you want.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED We show you when you start just where to get customers,—how to sell the papers, and just what to do. No town or R. F. D. route is too small to sell our papers in. Thousands of our agents in the smallest towns and R. F. D. routes are making the biggest money every week.

NO RISK Remember, you can't lose anything. You only pay for the papers after you have sold them. We send the papers so that they come to you on Fridays. You have a paper to sell to every man, woman, and boy. We show you just how to build up a route of regular customers that means steady profits every week.

IT IS EASY TO GET STARTED TODAY

but you must hurry, for the agencies are being grabbed up quickly by boys. It takes no money to start. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit absolutely free and your first week's supply of papers.

W. D BOYCE CO. DEPT. 3, 512 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Name .....

Street or R. F. D. No. .....

Town..... State.....

I accept the agency for your 3 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. If I qualify, it is understood you pay my expense of joining the Lone Scouts of America if I want to join. Also tell me how to get the valuable premiums.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

WERE YOU EVER OFFERED A GROCERY store? You can handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, aluminum ware and automobile oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested; take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality. Selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any bank or Express Co.

SALESMEN: EARN $3,500 TO $10,000 A year. City or traveling. Experience unnecessary. Quickly qualify through our amazing system. Free employment service to members. Send for salesmanship book, list of lines and full particulars. Nat. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 103A, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

MAKE BIG MONEY—BE INDEPENDENT. We want 200 men and women to take orders for Cresco raincoats. Quick sellers. Big demand. $16 clear profit on 4 orders per day. Agents make as high as $5,000 a year. Experience not necessary. Sample coat and outfit free. No delivering or collecting. Write us now and start on road to success. Improved Mfg. Co., Dept. F, Ashland, Ohio.

EVERY HOME IS A PROSPECT FOR OUR electric fire alarm system. Sells for only $7.50 complete. Agents make $1.50 each sale. Many good talking points help make quick sales. City and country all good territory. Send $6.00 today for sales outfit. Holmes Electric Company, Area, Ill.

ACTIVE TAILORING AGENTS WANTED: Every body eager to buy our artistic suits of value (120) styles for 1921. Simply show these in your spare time; values speak for themselves. Big money maker for you; easy to sell; large sample outfit free. Eudell Tailors, 40 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—SUIT $13.98. MAKE $50.00 FIRST week selling our famous popular price made to measure suits. Greatest selling offer ever made—free outfit, write at once. The Famous Tailors, Dept. B, 318 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS — BRAND NEW WIRELESS UM-brella. Two handles. Can be used by lady or gent. Only umbrella ever made without wires to hold stays in place. Handles collapse to fit suitcase. Not sold in stores. Popular price. Write quick for sample. Parker Mfg. Co., 409 Dike St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—TO EARN BIG PROFITS WITH our quick-selling non-alcoholic extracts, toilet articles and household necessities. Open territory. No money required. We trust you. Hurry! Write today. Dept. 134, The Linro Co., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS: A BRAND NEW HOSIERY PROP-osition for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest silk hose. You can sell at less than store prices. Write for samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 611, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS — MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

AGENTS, $40 TO $100 A WEEK. FREE samples. Gold sign letters anyone can put on store windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431 M, North Clark Chicago.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE broom and Ten-Use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

WE PAY $30 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kan.

WE PAY $300 MONTHLY SALARY AND furnish rig and expenses to introduce guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X-520, Springfield, Ill.

SELL PUDDING POWDERS—DELICIOUS dessert. Fast sellers, quick repeaters, big profit. Send for terms and sample. C. H. Stuart Co., 4 Bdwy., Newark, New York.

AGENTS—NEW PATENTED CURTAIN ROD, necessity in every home; big profit; 4 to 10 sales at every house. Write for free sample. Home Curtain Rod Co., Providence, R. I.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR-ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

"GOVERNMENT JOBS" A BOOK TELLING how to get U. S. Government positions. Send your name and address for free sample copy. Franklin Institute, Dept. G 26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY! DO YOU want to make big money at your spared time? Write to Cash Sales Mercantile, 296 Broadway, New York.

MALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—1500 RAILWAY TRAFFIC IN-spectors; no experience; train for this profession thru sparetime home-study; easy terms; $110 to $200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get free booklet CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

GOVT. AND RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS needed. Experience unnecessary; for free particulars write Modern Institute, Dept. 44, Denver, Colo.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR-tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MALE HELP WANTED—(Cont'd.)

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, RAILROADS everywhere; beginners, $200, later $300. Railway Association, Desk W 8, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXPERTS. START business yourself. Earn $200 month. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. G 804, Rochester, N. Y.

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Here is how we are smashing prices. Look at this offer. A beautiful, snappy serge dress at a cut price which will amaze every woman—and sent on approval. No money—only the coupon now and we will send the dress subject to examination. Pay nothing now—wait till it comes. If not satisfied, return it and you are not out a cent.

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Smashed Price on This Cardigan Stitch Sweater Coat

A splendidly made garment, cut extra full and in a novel, up-to-the-minute coat style,—just what you'll need for chilly days. The sailor collar is modeled extra large and can be buttoned snugly around neck for greater warmth. Full length sleeves are finished with closely woven wristlets.

A neat, all-around belt of self-material, buttons in front to finish waistline. Comes in sizes 32 to 46 bust measure. Choice of 3 colors, Maroon, No. BX600; Navy Blue No. BX601; or Oxford Gray No. BX602. Mark X in coupon to show color wanted.

Don't Delay, Send

$2.98 on Arrival

no money, only the coupon now. When sweater arrives pay only $2.69 and postage. If not satisfied get return it and get your money back.

Amazing Bargain in Fine Serge Middy

Fine mixed wool. New yoke effect. Pocket at left side. Large sailor collar has 3 rows white braid. Full length sleeves have cuffs trimmed with 3 rows white braid; also 1 sleeve has emblem, the other has chevrons woven in red and white silk. Fine grosgrain black sailor tie. Color navy blue. Ladies' sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Misses 32 to 38. A most handy comfortable garment—and priced way down. Send coupon—no money. When middy arrives pay only $2.98 and postage. If not satisfied, return the garment and we refund your money. Don't miss this cut-price bargain.

No risk to you. Order No. BX783. Be sure to give your size.

Embroidered Silk Tricolette BLOUSE

No money now—pay only $3.95 and postage when it arrives. Return the blouse if not satisfied and back goes your money.

Note the smart slip-over style. Round neck, finished with sephyr wool embroidery in contrasting color. Very latest model. Good quality fibre silk. Front elegantly embroidered with sephyr wool in color to harmonize with waist material. Three-quarter length sleeves. Back finished with sash which can be tied in the popular knotted style. A waist that you will be proud to wear. Ladies' sizes 32 to 46. Misses' 32 to 38.

Order Copenhagen Blue by No. BX782. Rose by No. BX783. Green by No. BX784. State size and color wanted.

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Work Shoe Bargain

A manufacturer made up a lot of these splendid Work Shoes for a big concern. The order was cancelled. Our buyer snapped up the entire lot at way below the real value and while they last we offer them at wholesale price—big saving to you. Selected brown barnyard leather. Tanned to be proof against acids in manure, soil, etc. Soles are strongest, best-wearing leather. Heels extra nailed—will not come off. Stitching reinforced throughout keeps seams from ripping. Modeled on a very comfortable, broad last with plenty of toe room. Wide bellows tongues keep out dirt, snow and water. Smooth leather insole. A wonderful work shoe. Sizes 6 to 12. Wide widths.

ONLY $2.98 On Arrival

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You might pay twice our price for this shoe and not get one a bit better or finer looking. Made of fine black gun metal veal leather on stylish Blucher last. Soft, durable, long wearing and takes a wonderful polish. Low broad heels. New style medium round Broadway toe. Sizes 6 to 12. Wide widths. This is one of the greatest shoes for all-round wear we have ever offered. It will stand hard knocks and yet is one of the best looking dress shoes you will see anywhere.

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$3.98 On Arrival

Wonderful Value Zarina Wave Tops

We have priced these shoes to show that Leonard-Morton & Co. are leaders in bargain giving,—and you will say so when you see them. Made of fine quality soft black kid finished leather in latest Hi-Cut style. Have circular wave cut vamps and new "Zarina" wave top. You will be more than delighted—you will be enthusiastic over this fetching style. Fancy stitching throughout. Light, strong, flexible leather soles. Choice of French heels with plates or new 1 1-8 in. Cuban heels as shown in picture. Sizes 2½ to 9. Widths D, B and EE.

SEND Get coupon into the mail now. Do not delay. Pay only $4.48 when shoes arrive. Examine carefully and compare with shoes priced at $6 and $7 or more. If not satisfied return shoes and we refund money. Order Cuban Heels by No. AX777. French Heels by No. AX888. Give size.

$4.48 On Arrival

Price Cut on Dressy Hi-Cuts

Never before have we been able to offer such a bargain as this in ladies' Hi-Cuts—a stunning soft black kid finished, stylish lace boot. Circular vamp and heel facing. Imitation stitched tip and medallion. Strong leather soles. New 1 3-8 inch walking heel. Very latest last—a beautiful shoe. Sizes 2½ to 8. Wide widths.

NOTE: This bargain possible because a large manufacturer had to unload a lot of fine leather at a loss. The maker of these shoes got the leather at a bargain and sold us the shoes, at a price which enables us to give you a splendid saving.

Send Coupon This is a special offering to bring us 5,000 new customers this month, and every pair will quickly go. Send only the coupon now. When the shoes arrive pay the bargain price, $3.98 and postage. If not satisfied that they are a real $5 value, return shoes and we refund your money. Order by No. AX999. Give your size.

$3.98 On Arrival

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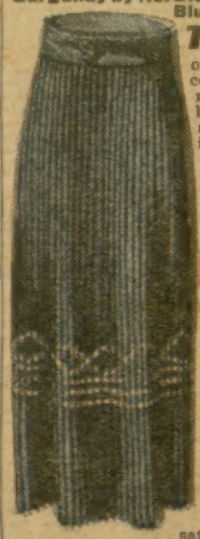
Very latest model. Fine quality silk and cotton poplin. Vestee front richly embroidered in beautiful silk design of contrasting colors. Pearl button trimmed on each side—giving a very smart effect. Collar is white silk poplin. Belt silk embroidered. Skirt is gathered all round and has two embroidered pockets. Sleeves are full length and set in. Ladies' sizes 32 to 46 bust. About 39 inch skirt length. Misses 32 to 38. Skirt length 37 inch. Order Navy Blue by No. BX922. Burgundy by No. BX923. Copenhagen Blue by No. BX924.

Today Hurry your order while offer lasts. Send only the coupon. When dress arrives pay the bargain price $5.95 and postage. If not satisfactory, return dress and we will refund your money. Mark X in square to show which color you want and give your size.

Plaited Panama POPLIN Skirt SMASHED PRICE



Good quality, wool mixed poplin, handsomely embroidered with newest design tinsel, giving a very smart appearance. Well plaited; cut full. Finished with an all-round belt, trimmed with two large buttons in front of skirt. Side closing with snappers. Sizes—22 to 40 inch waist. Lengths, 34 to 42 inch.

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Now Send only the coupon—no money. Pay only $4.98 and postage for skirt on arrival. If not satisfied with your bargain, send it back and we will refund your money.

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Fine Tussah silk in novelty self stripe, solid colors—light blue, pink or lavender. Very classy, the latest idea. Cut full, well made. New French cuffs. Trimmed with pearl buttons. Sizes 14 to 17 inch neckband. (Order ½ size smaller than collar you wear and also state color wanted.) Order No. CX447. Send no money now. Pay only $2.95 and postage for shirt on arrival. Then compare with shirts at $5 and $6 and make your own decision. If not satisfied, send it back and we will refund your money.

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Pick your bargain, fill out the coupon and mail it. (Mark X in ☐ to show what you want.) Pay the bargain price when goods arrive. If not satisfied, send them back and we will refund your money. Be sure to give size—also color wanted when you have a choice of colors.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO. Dept. 8380 Chicago

Send article or articles marked X in ☐ below. I will pay the bargain price on arrival, it being understood that if not satisfied I can return the goods and you will refund my money.

SERGE DRESS ☐ BX880 Bust.....

SKIRT ☐ Blue BX1410 ☐ Black BX1412 Waist..... Length.....

SHIRT ☐ CX447. Size (½ size smaller than collar worn) Size..... Color.....

BLOUSE ☐ Copenhagen Blue BX782 ☐ Rose BX783 ☐ Green BX784 Bust.....

SWEATER ☐ Maroon BX600 ☐ Blue BX601 ☐ Grey BX602 Bust.....

POPLIN DRESS ☐ Navy Blue BX922 ☐ Burgundy BX923 ☐ Copen. Blue BX924 Bust (Ladies').....

Bust (Misses').....

WORK SHOES ☐ AX1826

DRESS SHOES ☐ AX1510

HI-CUTS ☐ AX999

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MIDDY ☐ BX783 Bust.....

Size for Shoes.....

Name.....

Address.....

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